

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Siege of Carlaverock in the Twenty-eighth Edward I. A. D. MCCC.: with the Arms of the Earls, Barons, and Knights who were present on the Occasion; with a Translation, a History of the Castle, and Memoirs of the Personages commemorated by the Poet.* By NICHOLAS HARRIS NICOLAS, ESQ. 4to. pp. 402. London, 1828. J. B. Nichols and Son.

THOUGH Mr. Nicolas has not emblazoned his literary achievements on the title-page of this curious volume, we cannot commence our present article without reminding our readers, that to him they are indebted for many important historical and biographical works. Among the most recent of these are the History of the Battle of Agincourt and the Memoirs of Sir Kenelm Digby, both of which denote the peculiar bent of the author's inclination to search amongst the too frequently neglected treasures of by-gone periods, and draw from the past much that is fitted to interest and enlighten the present. The fame which should reward such labours is not of immediate attainment, but its acquisition is certain, and its extent and duration are in proportion to the slowness of its growth.

With regard to the work now before us, we share in the surprise of Mr. Nicolas, that it should have been so long withheld, and agree with him, that for the historian, the antiquary, the bibliographer, and the lover of heraldry, it possesses great and unquestionable attractions. For the historian, as containing minute details of the siege of a celebrated fortress in Scotland, of which no account has heretofore appeared, 'excepting in one line of Peter de Langtoft's Rhyming Chronicle, and in a few words of the inedited Chronicle of Lanercost Abbey;' for the antiquary, as describing the conduct of a siege and the equipment of an army in the thirteenth century; for the bibliographer, as being of undoubted antiquity; and for the lover of heraldry, as containing the accurate blazon of above 100 knights or bannerets of the reign of Edward the First, including those of the king, the Prince of Wales, and the greater part of the peers of the realm. Nor will the poetical reader derive less gratification from these pages, than the individuals we have enumerated. There are many striking descriptions, and not a few passages of real beauty.

From the History of Carlaverock Castle we subjoin a quotation which will afford our readers a tolerable notion both of the castle and the poem:—

'The Castle of Carlaverock, which is said to have been the Carbantorigum of Ptolomy, stood in the parish of that name, in the county, and about nine miles south of the town, of Dumfries, on the north shore of Solway Frith, at the confluence of the rivers Nith and Locher.

'Tradition states that it was founded in the sixth century, by Lewarch Og, son of Lewarch

Hen, a celebrated British poet; and that it derived its name from his own, Caer Lewarch Ogg, which, in the Gaelic language, signified the city or fortress of Lewarch Ogg, and which was afterwards corrupted to Caerlaverock. Mr. Grose, however, doubts this etymology; and it would be a waste of time to speculate upon its correctness.

'Carlaverock Castle was, according to a MS. pedigree cited by that writer, the principal seat of the family of Maxwell as early as the time of Malcolm Canmore; but Sir Robert Douglas informs us in his Peerage, that Sir John Macuswell acquired the barony of Carlaverock about the year 1220.

'It is impossible to give any other account of the original castle than the poet's description of it. He says, "Carlaverock was so strong a castle, that it did not fear a siege, therefore the king came himself, because it would not consent to surrender; but it was always furnished for its defence, whenever it was required, with men, engines, and provisions. Its shape was like that of a shield, for it had only three sides, all round, with a tower on each angle; but one of them was a double one, so high, so long, and so large, that under it was the gate with the drawbridge, well made and strong; and a sufficiency of other defences. It had good walls, and good ditches filled to the edge with water; and I believe there never was seen a castle more beautifully situated; for at once could be seen the Irish Sea towards the west; and to the north a fine country, surrounded by an arm of the sea, so that no creature born could approach it on two sides, without putting himself in danger of the sea. Towards the south it was not easy, because there were numerous dangerous defiles of wood and marshes, ditches where the sea is on each side of it, and where the river reaches it; and therefore it was necessary for the host to approach it towards the east, where the hill slopes." Mr. Grose informs us, that the site and foundation of the original castle were very conspicuous and easy to be traced, in a wood about three hundred yards to the south of the present building; that it appears to have been rather smaller than the second castle, but of a similar form; and that it was surrounded by a double ditch.

'Such was the fortress which Edward the First, on his invasion of Scotland, in June, 1300, found it necessary to reduce. By writs tested on the 29th December, 28 Edw. I. 1299, all who owed military service to the crown, were ordered to attend at Carlisle on the feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist next ensuing, to serve against the Scots. The command was punctually obeyed; and about the first of July, the English army quitted Carlisle. The poet's description of it is very interesting. "They were habited," he says, "not in coats and surcoats, but were mounted on powerful and costly chargers, and, that they might not be taken by surprise, they were well and securely armed. There were many rich caparisons embroidered on silks and satins; many a beautiful pennon fixed to a lance; and many a banner displayed. And afar off was heard the neighing of horses: hills and valleys were every where covered with sumpter horses and waggons with provisions, and sacks of tents

and pavilions. And the days were long and fine: they proceeded by easy journies, arranged in four squadrons."

'He then notices the arms, and, in many cases, personal merits or appearance of each of the bannerets, and some of the knights who were present, among whom were the king, his eldest son, the Prince of Wales, and the most illustrious peers of the realm, to the number of "eighty-seven," but he describes the banners of eighty-eight individuals. The men at arms amounted to three thousand, and "quite filled the roads to Carlaverock." If any reliance can be placed upon his statement, it must be inferred that a summons was sent to the castle before the king determined to besiege it, and that it was in consequence of the refusal to surrender, for it "was not to be taken like a chess-rook," that his majesty appeared before it in person.

'The exact time of the siege cannot be ascertained, but it undoubtedly took place between the 6th and 12th of July, 1300; for on the former day, Edward was at Carlisle, and on the latter at Carlaverock; but as he was at Dumfries on the 10th, it may be concluded that the castle was taken either on the 10th or 11th of that month.

'The investiture and siege are minutely described in the poem. As soon as the English army appeared before the place, it was quartered by the marshal; and the soldiers proceeded to erect huts for their accommodation, the account of which is very picturesque. Soon afterwards the military engines and provisions were brought by the fleet, and the foot-men immediately marched against the castle. A sharp skirmish took place, which lasted about an hour, in which time several were killed and wounded. The loss sustained by the infantry caused the men at arms to hasten to their assistance; or, as the poet has expressed it, many of them "ran there, many leaped there, and many used such haste to go that they did not deign to speak to any one." It would be difficult to find more appropriate words to detail what ensued than his own: "Then might there be seen such kind of stones thrown as if they would beat hats and helms to powder, and break shields and targets in pieces, for to kill and wound was the game at which they played. Great shouts were among them when they perceived that any mischief occurred." He then notices some knights who particularly distinguished themselves in the assault; and proceeds to state that the first body was formed of Bretons, and the second of Lorains, who rivalled each other in zeal and prowess, and that those engaged in the attack "did not act like discreet people, nor as men enlightened by understanding, but as if they had been inflamed and blinded by pride and despair, for they made their way right forwards to the very brink of the ditch." At that moment the followers of Sir Thomas de Richmond passed close up to the draw-bridge, and demanded admission, but they received no other answer to the summons "than ponderous stones and cornues." Sir Robert de Willoughby was wounded in his breast by a stone; and the valour of Sir John Fitz-Marmaduke, Sir Robert Hamsart, "from whose shield fragments might often be seen to



fly in the air," Sir Ralph de Gorges, Sir Robert de Tony, and especially of the Baron of Wigton, "who received such blows, that it was the astonishment of all that he was not stunned," is especially commemorated.

"The party engaged was reinforced by the followers of the Prince of Wales: the walls were mined with considerable effect by Sir Adam de la Forde: and Sir Richard de Kirkbride assailed the gate of the castle in so vigorous a manner, "that never did smith with his hammer strike his iron as he and his did there." Nor was the bravery of the besieged less conspicuous. They showered such huge stones, quarrels, and arrows upon their enemies, that the foremost among them became so much hurt and bruised, that it was with great difficulty they could retreat. At that juncture, Robert Lord Clifford sent his banner and many of his retinue, with Sir Bartholomew de Badlesmere and Sir John de Cromwell, to supply their places, though they were not permitted to remain there long; and on their retiring, Sir Robert la Warde and Sir John de Grey renewed the attack, but the besieged were prepared for their reception, and "bent their bows and crossbows, and kept their espringalls in readiness both to throw and to hurl." The retinue of the Earl of Brittany, "fierce and daring as the lions of the mountain," recommenced the assault, and soon covered the entrance to the castle: they were supported by the followers of Lord Hastings, one of whom, John de Cretings, is said to have nearly lost his horse on the occasion.

"The courage of the little garrison, was not yet subdued. As one of them became fatigued, another supplied his place, and they gallantly defended the fortress the whole of one day and night, and the next day until about nine o'clock in the morning. But the numerous stones which were thrown from the Robinet depressed their spirits; and it was impossible to resist the effect of three ponderous battering engines on the opposite side, every stroke of which, by "piercing, rending, and overturning the stones, caused the pieces to fall in such a manner that neither an iron hat nor wooden target" could protect them, and many were consequently killed. Finding resistance to be hopeless, they requested a parley, and in token thereof hung out a pennon; but the unfortunate soldier who displayed it was shot through his hand into his face by an arrow, when the others demanded quarter, surrendered the castle to the King of England, and threw themselves upon his mercy.

"The marshal and constable of the army immediately commanded that all hostilities should cease, and took possession of the place. The English were excessively surprised to find that the whole number of the garrison amounted only to sixty men, who were, the poet says, "beheld with much astonishment," and were securely guarded until the king ordered that life and limb should be granted to them, and bestowed on each a new robe; but this account of the treatment of the prisoners differs entirely from that in the Chronicle of Lanercost, where it is said that many of them were hung.

"As soon as the castle fell into Edward's hands, he caused his banner, and that of St. George and St. Edward, to be displayed on its battlements, to which were added the banner of Sir John Segrave, the marshal, and of the Earl of Hereford, the constable of the army; together with that of Lord Clifford, who was appointed its governor."

As a more connected example of the poem we select the following passages:—

"Edward, King of England and Scotland, Lord of Ireland, Prince of Wales, and Duke of Aquitaine, conducted the third squadron at a little distance, and brought up the rear so close-

ly and ably, that none of the others were left behind. In his banner were three leopards courant of fine gold, set on red, fierce, haughty, and cruel; thus placed to signify that, like them, the king is dreadful, fierce, and proud to his enemies, for his bite is slight to none who inflame his anger; not but his kindness is soon rekindled towards such as seek his friendship or submit to his power. Such a prince was well suited to be the chieftain of noble personages.

"I must next mention his nephew, John of Brittany, because he is nearest to him; and this preference he has well deserved, having assiduously served his uncle from his infancy, and left his father and other relations to dwell in his household, when the king had occasion for his followers. He was handsome and amiable, and had a beautiful and ornamented banner, chequered gold and azure, with a red border and yellow leopards, and a quarter of ermine.

"John de Bar was likewise there, who, in a blue banner, crusilly, bore two barbels of gold, with a red border engrailed.

"William de Grandison bore paly silver and azure, surcharged with a red bend, and thereon three beautiful eaglets of fine gold.

"Well ought I to state in my lay, that the courteous Elias de Aubigny had a red banner, on which appeared a white fess engrailed.

"But Eurmenions de la Brette had a banner entirely red.

"After these, I find in my account Hugh de Vere, son of the Earl of Oxford, and brother to his heir. He had a long and narrow banner, not of silk, but of good cloth, and quartered gold and red, with a black indented border, and in the upper part a white star.

"John de Rivers had his caparisons mascally of gold and vermillion; and they were, therefore, similar to those of the good Maurice de Croun.

"Robert, the Lord of Clifford, to whom reason gives consolation, who always remembers to overcome his enemies. He may call Scotland to bear witness of his noble lineage, that originated well and nobly, as he is of the race of the noble Earl Marshal, who, at Constantinople, fought with an unicorn, and struck him dead beneath him; from whom he is descended through his mother. The good Roger, his father's father, was considered equal to him, but he had no merit which does not appear to be revived in his grandson; for I well know there is no degree of praise of which he is not worthy, as he exhibits as many proofs of wisdom and prudence as any of those who accompany his good lord the king. His much honoured banner was chequered with gold and azure, with a vermillion fess. If I were a young maiden, I would give him my heart and person, so great is his fame.

"The good Hugh le Despenser, who loyally on his courser knows how to disperse an enemy, had a banner quarterly, with a black baton on the white, and the gules fretty yellow.

"I have not forgotten the banner of the good Hugh de Courtenay, of fine gold, with three red roundlets and a blue label.

"And that of Aumary de Saint Amand, who advances, displaying his prowess, of gold and black fretty, on a chief three roundlets, also of gold.

"John de Engaigne had a handsome one of red, crusilly, with a dancette of gold.

"Next, Walter de Beauchamp bore there, six martlets of gold in a red field, with a fess instead of a dancette. A knight, according to my opinion, one of the best of the whole, if he had not been too rash and daring; but you will never hear any one speak of the Seneschal that has not a but."

For the memoirs of the personages men-

tioned in the poem, which Mr. Nicolas justly remarks might almost be entitled Biographical Notices of the Baronage of England in 1300, he has been chiefly indebted to Sir William Dugdale, whom he vindicates from the charge, (advanced by Mr. Godwin in his preface to the History of the Commonwealth,) of being a mere "plodding and laborious collector of records and dates." Mr. Godwin, he says, ought to have formed "a more just opinion of productions which tend in so important a degree to illustrate the history of this country."

We lament our inability to convey to our readers any idea of the heraldic illustrations of this volume; but for these and for its many other attractions we cordially recommend it to their notice.

*The Elements of Mental and Moral Science; designed to Exhibit the Original Susceptibilities of the Mind.* By GEORGE PAYNE, M. A. 8vo. pp. 549. London, 1828. B. J. Holdsworth.

THE origin of this work is so creditable to the good intentions, judgment, and ability of the author, that we think it our duty to explain it at the outset. Having to impart instruction to his students, in the philosophy of the human mind, he drew up a course of lectures on the Elements of Mental and Moral Science, in which he endeavoured to combine comprehension with brevity, and in which he sought not so much to be original as to be useful. He judiciously considered that a statement of the ideas of our most approved writers with regard to these important subjects, if made in conjunction with an effort to point out, amidst so much variety of opinion, what he himself believed to be the truth, would be the best mode of initiating them into an acquaintance with the science of mind.

It must not, however, be supposed that the book possesses no pretensions to originality; on the contrary, it will be found to contain many novel propositions, which the author supports with reasoning of great apparent strength. The system chiefly followed by Mr. Payne is that of Dr. T. Brown, late professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh,—a system which differs in many essential matters from that of Dugald Stewart; and to which Mr. Payne himself entertains objections on several important points. One of these differences occurs so early as the second chapter, and is on the subject of causation:—

"To know the order in which the phenomena of the material universe present themselves to our view, is to know them in the relation of cause and effect. If, then, there is nothing in the structure of bodies which can enable us to predict this relation,—if our knowledge of it is the result of experience alone, it follows that all we know in reference to a cause is, that it is the immediate and invariable antecedent of a certain change, to which we give the name of an effect. It is not said that there is nothing more in a cause than immediate and invariable antecedence; for if there were not aptitude in a cause to precede, and in an effect to follow; i. e. if there were not something in the very constitution of the cause, to adapt it to stand in the relation of precedence, it would follow, in that case, that the cause and effect are only united like two nouns by a conjunction, and so might exchange places; and, further, that there is nothing to tie them together but the



direct energy of the great first cause; so that, in fact, God is the only agent in the universe—a sentiment which, by annihilating all the indications of skill and contrivance, of adaptation of means to ends, with which the universe abounds, would overturn the foundation of morals as well as religion—the doctrine of the divine existence itself.

‘On this subject I am constrained to dissent from the doctrine of Dr. Brown. Admitting, as he does, that there is aptitude in a cause to precede, he yet denies that a cause is any thing more than an immediate and invariable antecedent; statements which appear to me irreconcilably opposed to each other. Had Dr. Brown contented himself with affirming that no third substance intervenes between the cause and the effect, by which their junction is effected; had he even merely denied that we can form any conception of the nature of this aptitude, I could have gone along with him. But to maintain that there is nothing in a cause but immediate and invariable antecedence, is, in my judgment, only a different mode of affirming that there is *no* aptitude in a cause to precede; since aptitude to precede differs as much from actual precedence, as aptitude to produce sensation differs from the production of sensation, or from the sensation produced. It strikes me that this admirable writer has not sufficiently distinguished between the cause itself, and our notion of that cause. There may be nothing more in our conception of a cause, than that it immediately and invariably precedes a certain effect; but there may be something more in the cause itself. Our conception of the fragrance of a rose is, that it produces a certain sensation; but the fragrance itself is something different from this. In like manner, our conception of a cause is that of immediate and invariable antecedence; of its adaptation to be an antecedent, we know nothing, we can form no distinct conception; yet it necessarily differs from the antecedence itself, i. e. a cause is something more than an immediate and invariable antecedent.’

Two or three more extracts from this invaluable work will be sufficient to incite our readers to become more intimately acquainted with the metaphysical treasures it contains:

‘*Contrast*.—The mind has a tendency to exist in successive states which are opposite to, as well as resemble one another. This is another of the general laws, according to which the principle of suggestion operates. Hence the conception of a giant may be immediately succeeded by the conception of a dwarf. The latter idea does not arise as the result of some previous association between it and the idea of a giant; but in consequence of an original tendency of the mind to exist in these successive states; of which no other account can be given, than that such is the constitution which its Creator has imparted to it. Objects, accordingly, which present themselves in the light of contrast, will suggest each other. The sight of a city, sacked and destroyed by a victorious and infuriated army—its houses laid in ruins—its palaces reduced to ashes—its streets rendered impassable by the bloody and mangled remains of the thousands of warriors who fell in its defence, and to whom no right of sepulture had been extended,—can scarcely fail to be succeeded by the conception of the same city in the day of its prosperity and joyousness—when its edifices were the theme of universal praise—when the voice of gladness was heard in all its dwellings, and the smile of comfort rested on every countenance.

‘*Opposite conditions suggest one another*. The state of infancy suggests that of old age; the state of old age that of infancy. The conception of prosperity is succeeded by that of

adversity, and the contrary. We can scarcely see an individual in firm and vigorous health, without thinking of the time when disease may reduce him to a state of decrepitude. Nor can we look at the “imperial victor moving along in all the splendour of majesty and conquest,” without recollecting that, if he retain his supremacy among men, there is a mightier arm even than his, which, in the brief space of a few hours, can bring him down, even to the grave. Dr. Brown thinks that this tendency of the mind to pass from one state to its opposite, is a happy contrivance of nature, or, as I would rather say, a wise provision of the God of nature, for tempering that excess of emotion which might result from too long a continuance of the same feeling. It may awaken salutary reflection in the minds of the rich and great; it can scarcely fail to cherish the principle of hope in the bosoms of the most wretched of our race. Present misery suggests, by the law of contrast, the conception of past enjoyment; and though, for a time, this may even aggravate our distress, yet the images of past delight cannot long be present to the mind, without awakening trains of thought corresponding with themselves, “and in some degree the happy emotions with which they were connected—emotions which dispose the mind more readily to the belief, that the circumstances which have been may yet again recur; and thus the gracious Author of our being “has provided an internal source of comfort, in the very excess of misery itself.”

‘To this tendency of the principle of suggestion, we are indebted for the rhetorical figure called *Antithesis*. It both prompts the orator to the use of the figure, and renders it to his hearers pleasing and effective. “Of the eternity of ages, and the few hours of life—the Almighty power of God, and human nothingness—it is impossible to think in succession, without a feeling like that which is produced by the sublimest eloquence.” Impressive, however, as this figure is—and indeed because it is so—it ought to be cautiously and sparingly introduced; our thoughts and images must not appear to be the result of labour, they should seem to rise spontaneously. And it is impossible that this should be the case, if they display not a variety corresponding with the diversified ways in which the principle of suggestion, left to its own guidance, loves to develop its powers. The field of thought requires variegated tints and colours and species, as well as the garden; in which a continuous succession of clusters of the same flower would prove monotonous and tiresome, even though that flower should be the jessamine or the rose.’

‘*Analogy*.—That there is an original difference of tendency in the principle of suggestion, cannot be doubted; and, in all probability, it is, as Dr. Brown imagines, upon a constitutional tendency to suggestions of analogy, that the exalted faculty, which we call genius, depends. The splendid imagery of the poet is built, as we have seen, upon analogy—upon the shadowy resemblances of objects to each other, or rather, upon their tendency to awaken similar emotions. There is thus an analogy between a veteran chief, to whom the remembrance only of glory remains, and a majestic oak, stripped by age of its verdure; the sight of one may therefore recall the other. But if there be not a natural tendency to suggestions of analogy—or if the mind of an observer be dull and cold; and, in a great degree, unsusceptible of emotion of any kind, the two objects, in consequence of the faintness of the resembling and connecting emotion which they produce, will not be likely to suggest each other. In order to the suggestion, in this case, it would be necessary that some master mind should have previously placed them before his

view in the relation of contiguity; and then they will, of course, recall each other by the third law of suggestion. In the former case, the man is a genius; in the latter, a mere imitator. For the creations of genius, as we call them, are the suggestions of analogy. They result, probably, from a quicker and a more delicate susceptibility of emotion; in consequence of which, objects which produce resembling emotions, suggest one another; the fancy becomes creative, and the poet exhibits “new forms of external beauty, or of internal passion, which crowd upon his mind by their analogy to ideas and feelings previously existing.” An equal variety and beauty of imagery may flow from the pen of an inferior poet; but his splendid figures are not the creations of his own mind; i. e. they are not suggestions of analogy, but of contiguity. The subject which he endeavours to illustrate, and the imagery he employs for that purpose, had been brought together by preceding writers; they suggest each other by contiguity; and his poetry is an effort, not of genius, but of memory. “Copious readings and a retentive memory,” says Dr. Brown, “may give to an individual, of very humble talent, a greater profusion of splendid images, than existed in any one of the individual minds on whose sublime conceptions he has dwelt, till they have become, in one sense of the word, his own. There is scarcely an object which he perceives that may not now bring instantly before him the brightest imagery; but for this suggestion, however instant and copious, previous co-existence, or succession of the images, was necessary; and it is his memory, therefore, which we praise. If half the conceptions which are stored in his mind, and which rise in it now in its trains of thought by simple suggestion, as readily as they arose in like manner in accordance with some train of thought in the mind of their original authors, had but risen by the suggestion of analogy, as they now arise by the suggestion of former proximity, what we call memory, which is, in truth, only the same suggestion in different circumstances, would have been fancy, or genius; and his country and age would have had another name to transmit to the reverence and the emulation of the ages that are to follow.”

‘*Languor*.—The term languor is used to designate that mental weariness which all have felt, and, therefore, all understand, that arises from “a long continuance of one unvaried object, or from a succession of objects so nearly similar, as scarcely to appear varied.” Such is the constitution of the mind, that objects originally pleasing, if forced upon our view for a long period of time, gradually cease to interest, and become at length actually painful; while those which were at first displeasing, are rendered more tiresome and offensive by the same means.

‘In imparting to the human mind the susceptibility of experiencing this emotion, the great Being who created it has supplied us with a powerful stimulus to that state of action for which we are formed. The feeling of languor, of which we now speak, “is to the mind,” says Dr. Brown, “what the corresponding pain of hunger is to our bodily health. It gives an additional excitement even to the active; and to far the greater number of mankind, it is, perhaps, the only excitement which could rouse them, from the sloth of ease, to those exertions, by which their intellectual and moral powers are, in some degree at least, more invigorated;—or by which, notwithstanding all their indifference to the welfare of others, they are forced to become the unintentional benefactors of that society, to which otherwise they might not have given the labours of a single solitary exertion, or even of a single thought.”’



On the subject of *beauty*, Mr. Payne gives an extended outline of the statements of Dr. Brown, and compares them with those of other writers of equal or greater celebrity, endeavouring at the same time to hold the critical balance with a steady and an impartial hand. We have room only for a brief quotation from this interesting paper. Having stated and examined the opinions of Dr. Brown and Mr. Payne Knight on one side, and those of Messrs. Alison and Jeffery on the other, Mr. Payne says:—

‘In attempting to guide the reader, in his efforts to ascertain where the truth lies, amidst these conflicting statements, I would request him to notice,—First, the exceedingly narrow basis on which Dr. Brown builds his doctrine of the original beauty of material objects. That basis, as we have seen, is the fact that certain colours and sounds seem naturally more agreeable to children and savages than others. This is the exclusive basis; for the statement which seems to give, though with great hesitation, native beauty to the mother’s smile, I must be permitted, with all deference to Dr. Brown, to throw out of the question. Mr. Jeffery seems to doubt the correctness of the statements of Dr. Brown; with little reason, however, I apprehend. I concede at once the alleged fact, that some colours delight infants and savages, who, in this respect are infants, more than others; but Dr. Brown has to prove that this delight is the emotion of beauty, and not a mere pleasure of sense. It is not probable that all colours, any more than all odours, yield naturally the same measure of sensitive enjoyment. The sensation of blackness may not be equally grateful with the sensation of redness. Children may, accordingly, and I apprehend actually do, prefer colours glaring and strong, merely because they stimulate more powerfully, and so are, as mere sensations, more pleasing than others. The foundation, therefore, on which Dr. Brown erects his argument, must be held to be not merely narrow, but insecure, till he has proved that the delight of children, &c. is not mere sensitive delight. He attempts to show that this cannot be the case, inasmuch as the sensitive feelings are now, as he alleges, what they were in infancy; while the colours, and dispositions of colours, which delight the child, are not those which delight us. But why must they be the same now as they were in infancy? We should little have expected this assertion from a writer who maintains, that it is in the power of habit not merely to modify original sensations, but absolutely to reverse them—to render that pleasant which was originally disagreeable. Besides, he forgets the obvious fact, that to us association has embellished some colours more than others; so that, without supposing any modification of the original sensation, this embellishment may turn the scale in favour of those colours which, as the mere sources of sensitive delight, are less valuable than others.

‘There is, on this point, considerable difference of opinion between Dr. Brown and Mr. Payne Knight. They agree in thinking that certain colours and sounds yield naturally more pleasure than others. The latter, however, conceives that this pleasure is a sensation; so that, according to his statements, our original and natural emotions of beauty are of the same order of feelings with the fragrance of a rose or the flavour of a peach. Dr. Brown, as we have seen, denies this. They are not, he thinks, external but internal affections; not sensations, but emotions; which may succeed sensations, or not, he says, according to circumstances. The difficulties which both opinions have to encounter, will be more fully considered afterwards.

‘Secondly, I would request the reader to consider the comparatively small number of our emotions of beauty which are considered, either by Dr. Brown or Mr. Payne Knight, as resulting from an original tendency of mind to this feeling. Dr. Brown expressly says, “it is only a small part of this order of emotions which we can ascribe to such a source, and these, as I conceive, of very humble value, in relation to other more important emotions of this order, which are truly the production of associations of various kinds. Mr. Payne Knight also agrees with Mr. Alison in holding the most important, and indeed the only considerable part of beauty, to depend upon association, and has illustrated this opinion with a great variety of just and original observations.

‘These concessions enable us to decide upon the correctness of Dr. Brown’s assertion, that the burden of proof does not rest with the believers, but with the deniers of original beauty—an assertion that appears to me at variance with the whole spirit of his philosophy, which teaches us not to multiply powers unnecessarily. Admitting, as he does, that *most* of our emotions of beauty are the result of association, it follows that he ought not to call in the aid of an original susceptibility to account for *any*, unless he is able to show that they cannot spring from association. Necessity only, on his principles, will justify the supposition of original emotions of beauty; *i. e.* the *onus probandi* rests upon the believers in original beauty. The system of Dr. Brown, by maintaining that the superior delights which some colours afford children is not a sensation, but an emotion of beauty, appears to me entangled in a difficulty, which does not encumber the statements of Mr. Payne Knight. An emotion, according to the system of Dr. Brown, is a feeling *sui generis*—of a totally different order from a sensation. An original emotion of beauty differs then, generically from a sensation; but an emotion of beauty, the result of association, may be nothing more than a reflected or a recalled sensation—the revival, though in a fainter degree, of a former sensitive affection; so that our emotions of beauty may comprehend two distinct classes of feelings.

‘Thirdly, I would call the attention of the reader to the inquiry, whether original emotions of beauty do not necessarily suppose that some distinct quality, to which we may give the name of beauty, exists in external objects. This, as we have seen, is denied by Dr. Brown. Beauty is not, he says, any thing which exists in objects, and permanent, therefore, as the objects in which it is falsely supposed to exist. Now, if all beauty be the result of association, the truth of these statements is apparent. But, if there be objects, as he maintains, which excite originally, without any previous association, the emotions of beauty, I do not see how the consistency of these statements can be maintained. Doubtless there is no beauty like what we feel and transfer in the objects which awaken the emotion, as there is nothing in the rose which resembles our sensations of fragrance and of sight. But as the delightful feeling of beauty must be excited before it can be reflected upon the object, and as that feeling cannot be excited without a cause, it seems to follow, as a necessary consequence, either that the beautiful object must have some permanent quality which awakens the emotion, or that it must derive its power to excite it from association. Our sensations of smell, taste, colour, &c. would not exist if there were no cause of the feeling in external objects, though we know not what the cause is. In like manner, the emotions of beauty, which Dr. Brown considers original, could not arise without a cause. And if there be a cause of the emotions in external

objects—a cause which is not to be ascribed to association—that cause is beauty in the objects, as the cause of fragrance in a rose is the fragrance of the rose. If there be original emotions of beauty then, as it appears to me, external objects must have native beauty.

‘Fourthly, I would request the reader to observe the difficulties with which the notion of original emotions of beauty is embarrassed. How is it possible to reconcile with this notion the various and even opposite tastes of men? Our sensitive feelings are natural, and hence they are generally uniform. What is sweet, bitter, tasteless, red, scarlet, or black to one man is so to another; and yet though we have, as it is contended, original emotions of beauty, there is amongst different individuals great diversity, and even direct contrariety here. Where one sees beauty another sees none—nay recognises, it may be, hideous deformity. A Chinese lover would see no attractions in a belle of London or Paris; and a Bond Street exquisite would discover nothing but deformity in the Venus of the Hottentots. “A little distance in time produces the same effects as distance in place; the gardens, the furniture, the dress which appeared beautiful in the eyes of our grandfathers, are odious and ridiculous in ours. Nay the difference of rank, education, or employments gives rise to the same difference of sensation. The little shopkeeper sees a beauty in his road-side box, and in the staring tile roof, wooden lions, and clipped box-wood, which strike horror into the soul of the student of the picturesque,—while he is transported in surveying the fragments of ancient sculpture, which are nothing but ugly masses of mouldering stones in the judgment of the admirer of neatness.”

‘If our emotions of beauty are the result of association, all this is easily explained; but if even only a small portion of their number is the result of an original power or susceptibility, how is the fact to be accounted for? And if we are to suppose, with Mr. Payne Knight, that original emotions of beauty are in fact sensitive affections, the difficulty of explaining it abundantly increases. How does it happen that these particular sensations are susceptible of a change which no other sensations undergo? What other organic feelings are so frequently reversed or obliterated? And more especially, what other organic feeling is so powerfully affected by the principle of suggestion? When did association change the taste of a peach or the colour of a rose? The difficulty which thus presses upon the doctrine of original beauty, Dr. Brown endeavours to obviate by stating, as we have seen, that beauty is not a sensation but an emotion. He admits that if it were the result of our organic powers, or even of an internal sense, which, like our other senses, must force upon the mind constantly, or almost constantly, a particular feeling, when a particular object is present, there would not be this amazing diversity in the feelings of beauty. But emotions, he says, are capable of being modified to a much greater extent than sensations. He refers particularly to the emotion of desire in illustration and confirmation of his sentiments. No one, he argues, will contend that all objects are naturally equally desirable—or rather, that there are none which, prior to all pleasing associations, awaken the feeling of desire; and yet circumstances may vanquish, and even invert this tendency. “In all ages,” he continues, “the race of mankind are born with certain susceptibilities, which, if circumstances were not different, would lead them, as one great multitude, to form very nearly the same wishes; but the difference of circumstances produces a corresponding diversity of passions that scarcely seems to flow from the same source. In like manner, the



race of mankind, considered as a great multitude, might be in all ages endowed with the same susceptibilities of the emotion of beauty, which would lead them, upon the whole, to find the same pleasure in the contemplation of the same objects; if different circumstances did not produce views of utility and associations of various sorts that diversify the emotion itself."

"I cannot fully reply to this statement now, because it involves what I cannot but consider a mistake with respect to the feeling called desire, into which I must not at present enter. It manifestly supposes that there are objects which originally, and, as it were, instinctively, without any previous conception of them as good—awaken the feelings of desire, or there would not be a fair parallel between them and original emotions of beauty. This doctrine with respect to desire I do not admit. But at present all I can say in reply to this statement of Dr. Brown is, that there is not by any means the same diversity in the desires as in the tastes of men. The former may be accounted for by the influence of modifying circumstances; it does not appear to me that the latter can."

In the publication of this work, Mr. Payne has rendered the cause of scientific instruction a very important service; he has succeeded in conveying clearly his own profound and accurate conceptions, and the able metaphysician and amiable man are equally apparent in every page of his book.

*The Man of Ton: a Satire.* 8vo. pp. 112. London, 1828. Colburn.

In this satire we find so many touches of truth and nature as to preclude the possibility of a doubt, that *The Man of Ton* is a sketch from the life. It is, therefore, valuable as a portrait, though, as a poem, its claims may be more dubious. The author is so unfortunate as to remind us, by an occasional ill-judged imitation both of Giffard and Byron, that he has neither the polished elegance of the one, nor the searching and varied power of the other. Yet he is never mean, and rarely unimpressive; indeed, in some passages a spirit of the highest promise is made visible; and if, as we feel justified in assuming, he is an inexperienced writer, much may be expected from his future efforts. The author traces his hero from his birth in Warwickshire, through Eton and Cambridge, taking occasion to vent some very justifiable indignation against public schools.

The customary courses of gambling, racing, and other fashionable dissipations are indulged in; these, in turn, give place to Almack's, and from Almack's to flirtation, and all its wretched consequences, is but a step. The heroine, wife of a Sir Aldobrand, of whom the reader will find some subsequent account, is thus prettily described:—

"To some, a kind of loveliness belongs,  
Which painters cannot give, or poets' songs;  
Not quite commanding beauty, but below  
The scale that critics fix, and artists know;  
Something not soon forgotten, and which leaves  
That image on the heart the eye receives,  
Of strange mysterious pow'r,—a form and face  
Where careless negligence seems studied grace:  
An eye of liquid blue, whose wand'ring beams  
Haunt all our thoughts, and rule us in our dreams,—

A nameless witchery, that wins and blinds  
The wise, as firmly as the weakest minds:  
Not arm'd with talents rare, and not a wit,  
Made, when dame Nature was in playful fit—  
Her—prudence would not win, nor wise men  
have;

Nor he that boasts he would not be a slave.  
Ye witless, fear her seeming want of art;  
Be doubly watchful, wise ones, of your heart;  
Her pow'rs are every where, your eye and ear  
Are traitors to your peace, and cost you dear.

Ill chance it is when charms like these are sold,  
In fashion's mart, for all-commanding gold;  
When pair'd, not match'd, to an unequal mate,  
She has, the world declares, the happiest state,  
Rich, young, and handsome—what is more in life?

And free to flirt—neglected—and a wife!  
Just such was fair Selina; hers the taste  
To name a toque, add inches to a waist,  
Reduce a bonnet, or exalt a curl,  
Make feathers flow'rs, change amethyst to pearl.  
Winds chang'd less often than her will, and she,  
To rule with tyranny, had still kept free:  
She laugh'd at love, for her unwounded heart  
"Could jest at scars that never felt a smart."  
She held at Almack's an inferior court,  
Laugh'd at the queens, and of their laws made sport.

Full many an angry duchess frown'd in vain  
On men, fine men, she number'd in her train:  
Though all confess'd she held a sov'reign sway,  
None new what charm specific won the day.  
And could this Cynosure so wholly fill  
The world with envy thus, and Jack be still?  
"Win her, and something's done; but how  
can I

Through this gay garden chase this butterfly?  
I'll give a fête," Jack cries, "nor heed the cost;  
And fair Selina rules it—or I'm lost."

Caught by his open front—his air of truth,  
Selina more than once had mark'd the youth:  
Heard of his losses—honour in his play,—  
And lik'd the thoughtless Timon of the day;  
Heard him run down, and in her giddy way,  
Vow'd to assist him, and her taste display.  
Thus chance supplied what not e'en gold could buy,  
And Jack's flag wav'd on fashion's topmast high."

At the consequent *fête champêtre*, Selina's husband insults her, by paying what are called 'marked attentions' to one of her 'faded rivals.' Burning with indignation at such treatment,

"Her ear delighted heard our hero call  
Her lovely presence to the banquet hall;  
Where all admir'd the peerless beauty shone,  
And took as due the homage that she won.  
Then was she woman all, and new-born fires  
Inflame her soul—new passions, new desires;  
Wine warm'd her new-wak'd passions, and they teem

With all the madness of a feverish dream.  
Sweet on her ear our hero's flattery fell,  
And new-born love achiev'd his mighty spell.  
Bold, and more bold, the suitor's claim was press'd,

And she a weakness felt—and half confess'd!  
Enthusiasts each!—He wonders if he loves,  
And she believes 'tis injur'd honour moves,  
And claims protection from a kindred mind,  
Warm in her cause, and innocently kind!  
Enthusiasts both! they sought not to ensnare,  
But trod all cautionless where dangers were;  
And ere they knew that each one had a heart,  
Had both exchang'd and lost the better part."

An elopement speedily ensues, and the lovers fly to Switzerland. Here the author 'drops familiar Jack,' and very effectively paints the intense indulgence of a guilty passion. Young Percy and his Selina are described as genuine lovers, roaming amid romantic scenes,—the one all vows, the other all songs, and both happy and enthusiastic as love could make them. Meanwhile a sordid and treacherous companion of the deserted husband persuades the latter that nothing but a duel will satisfy the town, or renew the lus-

tre of his tarnished honour. The result is, that Sir Aldobrand and his Achates hurry to the lair of the lovers, and Percy is extremely puzzled to find some one to attend him in the capacity of *second*. At length he remembers having observed

—"a man, whom many a scar  
Had marked with honourable stamp in war:  
He guessed him gentle, and he knew him brave,  
None others wear the cross Napoleon gave."

To him, therefore, he hurried, and the soldier hesitated not to 'join him with his sword,'—a curious mode, by the way, of expressing his intention. We quote the catastrophe:

"Achates met the count, and he prepar'd  
For fatal scenes he had too often shar'd;  
Calmly received him, and unshrinking stood  
The guide of honour, arbiter of blood;  
Fix'd time and weapon, and sequester'd place,  
And lent to deeds of death a warrior's grace.

In vain did Percy press the light repast,  
Which, his soul whisper'd, was perhaps his last;  
Selina's eyes were eloquent—but no—  
No word betray'd her agony of woe.  
One cup of coffee only would she share,  
And Percy's hand had placed an opiate there:  
A potent numbness o'er her senses creeps,  
And, cheated of her griefs, she sinks and sleeps.  
Now Percy was himself!—new strength he found,

And with a manlier step he trod the ground.  
On to his foe right boldly did he move;  
His call was insult, and his cause was love.  
He had been weak; but nerve and heart were good,

And all the Percy mantled in his blood!  
Not fiercer flam'd great Marcius' fiery eye,  
When rash Aufidius gall'd his bravery;  
Not with more fury swell'd Othello's breast,  
When all Iago's baseness stood confess'd;  
Than when he found what treachery would dare,  
And his eye fix'd upon Achates there:

His form grew twice itself—his rage might serve  
To brace with lion's strength his ev'ry nerve.

"Sir Aldobrand," he said, "your wrongs I know  
Are deep; I come to pay the debt I owe.  
Had I ten lives, they're yours; but, ere I die,  
Spare me, to pay a villain's perfidy!  
Stand forth, base caitiff! coward! villain!  
slave!

False, fawning hypocrite! base, paltry knave!  
Nay, take your ground, your pistol's in your hand,  
Or, by bright heav'n, I'll slay you where you stand!"

More words were waste; in Percy's steadfast eye  
Achates read it was his doom to die.  
They fir'd together, and Achates fell,  
And brighter burn'd the fires in inmost hell.

"And now, Sir Aldobrand, since this false friend  
Has justice found in an untimely end;  
Whilst thus he dies a death for him too good,  
Revenge your wrongs, and wash them in my blood."

"No, misled youth, in sadness go thy way;  
Enough of blood has honour shed to-day.  
You've one at home—I name her not—but take  
A husband's pardon, ere her heart-strings break:  
Bid her forget my injuries and me,  
And live henceforth for penitence and thee."

Short space suffic'd to speed him from the spot,  
Love lent him wings to bear him to his cot;  
And his gay heart beat lightly in his breast,—  
Selina's pardon seal'd—and both are blest!  
How like a deer he topp'd the wall of stone  
That fenc'd the little garden, now his own!  
Like one that's sav'd from shipwreck, once on shore,

Reflects on perils he has pass'd no more;  
But turns to thoughts of happiness—to roam  
No more, but fix his ev'ry thought on home.



Before the door he paus'd, but all was still,  
And through the grove he heard the babbling  
rill;

So still, he heard the ticking of the clock,  
And plash of waters dripping from the rock.  
"Selina still may sleep," and on he creeps,—  
He gently lifts the latch—"indeed, she sleeps.  
How beautiful she looks!"—her silver skin  
Show'd every circlet of the blood within.  
Loose and disturb'd her unbound hair appears,  
And on her cheek the trace of recent tears.  
Soft o'er her form the ling'ring zephyr plays:  
"Sleep on, sweet love!"—he sat him down to  
gaze

Upon her closed lids, whose light divine,  
Shall bless him when she wakes, and brighter  
shine.

He mov'd not once, lest, startled, she should  
hear

That he and happiness were both so near;  
And now more near her cheek he drew, to sip—  
Heav'n's choicest boon—the honey on her lip;  
But still he tasted not her balmy breath,—  
A rival had been there—that rival—Death!

After an agonizing struggle, 'madness casts  
his pall upon the mind' of Percy, and the  
story closes. There are some illustrative  
notes, one or two of which we have selected  
for our column of varieties; and with another,  
relative to the death of Selina, we conclude:—

'This part of the story is left in the obscurity  
in which the author found it; and the pathos  
is deepened by the circumstance, that it has  
never been ascertained whether the quantity of  
opium administered by Percy, with a kind in-  
tention to beguile the fair sufferer of her wretch-  
edness for a time, was the actual though inno-  
cent cause of her death, or whether, stung to  
madness by the consciousness of the fatal en-  
counter, which was then in act, she had re-  
course to a more potent draught, and fell by  
her own hand.'

*Italy as it is; or, a Narrative of an English  
Family's Residence for three Years in that  
Country.* By the Author of *Four Years  
in France*. 8vo. pp. 451. London, 1828.  
Colburn.

Those who are acquainted with our author's  
*Four Years in France*, to which work we  
have, on various occasions, felt pleasure in  
referring, will naturally expect to find in the  
present volume on Italy the same liberal and  
exalted feeling, and the same close attention  
to matters of the utmost importance to indi-  
viduals intending to reside for any consider-  
able time in the places he describes. Nor  
will these expectations be disappointed; we  
fancy, on the contrary, that they will be in  
some respects exceeded. Avoiding the sick-  
ening repetition which he condemns in others,  
our author invests even the least novel of his  
descriptions with an air of fresh and unworn  
beauty, and we enter the Coliseum, the Pan-  
theon, or St. Peters, forgetful of the thousand  
tomes of common-place trash in which they  
have been sacrilegiously disfigured, and pre-  
pared to think vigorously, and feel intensely.

In this, indeed, consists the great charm  
and superiority of this writer, that, untram-  
melled by the fictions of his predecessors, he  
dares to look at men and things in his own  
way, and knows how to embody his concep-  
tions in a style worthy of their simplicity and  
power.

Not one of the least interesting features of  
this volume is the alternately grave and play-  
ful manner in which the author vindicates  
and explains the religion to which he has be-

come a convert, and to which he is indisputa-  
bly an ornament. His is no ungentle or in-  
tolerant enthusiasm, but a deep and abiding  
sense of what he conceives deserving of love  
and trust. At the same time, we cannot  
conceal our surprise, that catholicism should  
have been graced with such a convert,—that  
a mind mature, discriminating, and unen-  
slaved by an over-heated imagination, should  
become the proselyte of a faith which we  
should conceive seductive only to the young,  
the ardent, and the uninformed. This, how-  
ever, is a mystery which we need not attempt  
to fathom; it is sufficient for us, that the pe-  
culiarities of the author's faith have not made  
him other than an able, honest, and amiable  
man.

We shall not dwell on the opening portions  
of this volume, interesting as they are, but  
rather hurry at once to Florence, where it  
was the intention of the family to remain a  
year or more. After a touching allusion to  
the loss of him, (the author's eldest son,) for  
whom this Italian journey and residence had  
been projected, he continues:—

'My first care was to look out for an apart-  
ment or house. I took a *valet de place*, and  
went out at seven in the morning; at ten, the  
heat would have been intolerable. After two  
or three days' search, I found almost all the  
lodgings were too small; all had their *salon*  
and *salle à-manger*, but few had a sufficient  
number of bed-rooms. I found that the letters  
of these lodgings did not well know what price  
to ask; as the English generally gave what  
was demanded, the demand of every year had  
risen upon that of the preceding one, so that  
within the last four years the price of lodgings  
had been doubled. There was, too, at this  
time, a pretty generally credited report, that  
the Congress, held during the ensuing winter  
at Verona, was to be held at Florence; this  
circumstance, and the extravagant hopes it  
excited in owners of lodgings, made them more  
inflexible. I was aware of the inconvenience  
of being on the left bank of the Arno, which,  
though the grand duke's palace is there, is but  
a large suburb; on the right bank there was  
no house, and but two apartments that would  
suit me. The owner of one of these refused  
any abatement, on account of my proposal for  
a whole year, and my supplying my own plate  
and household linen; the other had been oc-  
cupied for six months by a distinguished family  
from North Britain, at a rent of forty sequins  
a-month. After the usual debate, I obtained  
this at thirty sequins, or a little more than  
£160 for the year.

'It was situated in the Palazzo Nicolini,  
*Via de' Servi*, the street that leads from the  
Duomo to the square of the Annunziata, so  
called from the order of Servites, to whom that  
convent belongs. It consisted of a lofty en-  
trance-room, forty feet square, furnished as a  
servants' hall; a beautiful gallery sixty feet  
long, two vast chambers lighted from this gal-  
lery, and that there might be enough of useless  
space, three handsome rooms, almost without  
furniture, on the ground-floor. The habitable  
part was a large dining-room, two sitting-rooms,  
a bed-room and cabinet; over these, four bed-  
rooms, and, beyond the dining-room, a very  
pretty separate apartment for a single man, of  
a sitting-room and chamber. Besides these, a  
kitchen apart up-stairs, a large laundry with  
presses, and other servants' rooms. Such de-  
tails as these are not usual in "tours," but my  
book relates not a tour, but a family residence,  
and my reader will acquiesce in this interior  
view of our domicile.

'I required a stove to be put in the *salle à-  
manger*; this was done. "After all," said the

*maestro di casa*, or house steward, the man of  
affairs in this business, "you will be obliged  
in winter to give up the dining-room to your  
servants, and dine in one of your sitting-rooms,  
as the cavaliere did who preceded you; for the  
devil himself could not stay in the great hall in  
winter time."

Of Florence itself it is observed:—

'Let an Englishman walk into the great  
square, the Piazza del Gran Duca at Florence,  
he will be immediately struck with the con-  
viction that he is in a town of a character at  
once novel, foreign, and magnificent. The co-  
lossal statues, the fountains, the arcades under  
the public buildings, and that frowning fortress  
of the middle ages, the Palazzo Vecchio, occu-  
pying a canton of the square, all is at once  
strange and imposing. His curiosity prompts  
him to mount the staircase of the gallery.  
What a sight to him who has not yet seen  
Rome is this stair-case and the entrance-room!  
He hastens to the tribune, and however high  
his expectation may have been raised, he is not  
disappointed; he sees the statue of Venus,  
called *de Medicis*, the *beau ideal* of human  
beauty in the fairer sex, modest in nudity,  
graceful in attitude, and absolute in the per-  
fection of its form.

'At the Palazzo Pitti is the rival statue, the  
Venus of Canova; for however presumptuous  
the thought, it must have been intended by the  
artist as a rival statue. It is placed in the  
centre of a very pretty octagon room, the right  
sides of which are four windows and four mir-  
rors. The sculpture of this statue is perfect, at  
least I have not the skill to find a fault in it;  
but though in an attitude of shrinking from the  
view and gathering up some drapery, it is the  
more naked statue of the two. The nakedness  
of the Medicean Venus is that of Eve before  
the fall, that of the Venus of Canova is Eve  
after the fall, when she knew that she was  
naked and hid herself.

'The other statues or groups of the tribune  
are exquisite. I know of nothing but the Lao-  
coon and Dying Gladiator that can be preferred  
to them. I admire the little Apollo more than  
the Apollo of Belvedere; but I was most  
pleased with the statue of the slave whetting  
the knife, and supposed to be overhearing the  
conspiracy of Catiline, or of the sons of Brutus;  
it is nature itself. Harris observes, that paint-  
ing or sculpture cannot represent motion; here,  
in the supposed astonishment of the listen-  
er, a reason is found for the suspension of  
all movement, and this consideration will, I  
think, enter into the satisfaction of him who  
contemplates this statue, and ratify his admi-  
ration.

'Of the Hall of Niobe, I observe that the reg-  
ular arrangement of the statues in their places,  
at equal distances round the hall, renders it  
necessary to look at them as separate statues.  
The dramatic effect that might have been pro-  
duced, by grouping them according to the cir-  
cumstances of the fable, is lost, and it will be  
felt by the classical visitant as a cause of great  
disappointment that these statues are in no re-  
lation to each other. Yet how the evil was to  
have been avoided I do not well comprehend;  
the illusion of fable must be abandoned. When  
the vindictive children of Latona shot with  
their arrows the sons and daughters of Niobe,  
they were not placed on pedestals. The sta-  
tues are of various degrees of merit, that of  
Niobe contents both the common observer and  
the connoisseur.'

Intending to pass the summer on the sea-  
coast, the author and his family proceed to  
Leghorn, and of their residence at this place  
we have the subjoined description:—

'Leghorn is a handsome, modern, regularly-  
built town; the *Via Grande*, or high street,  
reaches from the port to the Prata Pisana, tra-



versing the square or Piazza d'Arme in which are the cathedral, the palace of the grand duke, and that of the governor of the city. In the quarter towards San Marco, are several good streets, retired from the bustle of commerce; here we might at least have enjoyed shade and quiet. I fancied these were the appendages of a villa, and took a house in a large garden in the faubourg. It was a large house; the chambers at least were well furnished, and here, as at Florence, every person of my family had a separate room; and here also, as at Florence, I paid a sequin a day for my lodging; the price would not have been extravagant had I taken it for two months only, the high bathing season of Leghorn, but I took it for four months, not wishing to return to any town till the end of the summer; after all, the price was not much more than the summer price at Bath, and less than the winter price at Cheltenham.

'The garden was of two acres, over which we might range at will; but as it would have been painful to walk over cabbage stalks, and impossible to force a way through artichokes and Indian corn, we confined ourselves to the walk from the great gate to the house, and the space left for carriages to turn. Paradoxical as it may seem, a shady walk is not wanted in a hot climate in summer; one cannot stir out during the middle of the day, and when the sun is down, air is wanted, to which whatever casts a shade is a hindrance. The ladies in England, indeed, are so fond of their parasols, that when you meet them on the shady side of the street, or after sunset, it requires great care to avoid being blinded by the tagged ends of the ribs of whalebone by which those elegant machines are distended. But walking in the evening in the *Villa Reale* at Naples, you will naturally cry out, "Oh, for the sea breeze!" in vain—the trees forbid; but they will make you a convert to my paradox.

'The delights of my villa ought to be detailed, for the benefit of all who may pant for rural sites in the neighbourhood of an Italian town. There was a long trellis, over which vines were trained; under this was a walk, but the place was so suffocating, that it was not worth while to desire the gardener to clear away the weeds, with which, as they hindered not the ripening of the grapes, he allowed the walk to be encumbered. There was also a walk, from which air and sun were excluded, leading to the lesser gate of the garden; over this gate was a *gazebo* forsooth; from this height were seen the boys and girls playing in the lane, and, in another direction, the distant Apennines with Monte Nero, better viewed from our windows.

'The monotonous chant of the gardener's girls could not tire them, for its theme was love. In vain I entreated them, instead of Hymen, to worship Plutus, whose minister I engaged to be, if they would work in silence; but they could not give up the syren song. So much had I acquired the habit of sleeping in the heat of the day, that it was no great inconvenience to be waked at the earliest dawn by the preparations of my neighbour for market; my neighbour he was, for his house joined on the back of mine, and my chamber looked out that way. Three quarters of an hour did he employ in heaping his cart with vegetable wealth, and then with a loud "*anda*" to his horse, he set off to the town to make his fortune.

'And why complain that this cart left ruts, and that this horse left dung on my grand *allée*? It was still better than the lane. Of one nuisance, however, I was invincibly sensible. When a new crop was to be put in, the beds of the garden destined to receive the plants or seeds were first to be manured, and the manure

employed was of the most offensive odour. By law, the reservoirs of the material were to be opened in the night time only; but there was no law to forbid the scent to taint the circumambient air; the perfumed gales floated in the wide expanse, till lost in their own dispersion, or washed down by a convenient shower.

'My housekeeping had not the advantage which it ought to have derived from the proximity of the garden; the cook always found some good reason for not buying fruits and vegetables where the price might be known. Complaints were neglected, commands were eluded; as much artifice was employed by my cook as would have sufficed to a roguish secretary of state, if such a personage any where exists; and, excepting some grapes and other fruit, which, in virtue of a personal treaty between the high contracting powers, (the gardener and myself,) passed immediately from the tree to the table, my taste was but little gratified in compensation of the sufferings of other senses.

'The kitchens of foreign houses are, in general, contrived to be at a distance from the apartments, so that one is not annoyed by that smell of cookery which, in English houses, sometimes salutes a morning visitant at three or four o'clock in the afternoon. This disposition, however, renders the cook independent, and is generally put to profit. Besides, in the more southern climes, it is an established practice to make provision for the day only; the morrow brings its own cares with it.

'Ignorant of this usage when I first settled at Avignon, and believing, according to preconceived notions, that a well-furnished larder was a creditable part of a domestic establishment, I endeavoured that, of each day's supply of food, there should be something to spare, as an assurance that there had been enough. The negro says, "The more massa call me, the more I won't come;" so the more was ordered, the less there was remaining, for all remains were a perquisite of office; it therefore became necessary to endeavour that ways and means and the supply should correspond exactly. At Florence, I found that very many, even of the Italian families, made an agreement with their own cooks to serve them a dinner at a certain price every day; and in this they were imitated by some English, who had been long established there. For the last six months a *traiteur* supplied my table, and the splendid *batterie de cuisine* of polished copper, of which the *maestro di casa* was justly proud, was left to glitter idly on the walls, like the armour of a tired warrior.

'But in a *villa* it was necessary to have a kitchen, as the town and its means and appliances for dining were half a mile off. We changed our cook three times in four months at Leghorn. The first took snuff; the second required that a little boy, only fourteen years old, should be invited daily to eat her dinner for her, as she had no appetite herself; the third bought the refuse of the market in every sort of viand; and this, as the price accorded not with the quality, I considered as a symptom of dishonesty; he delighted moreover in that excitement of ideas for which wine is so much commended by the poets. On these two points I endeavoured to descant in a way that, as I thought, might edify him, as a persuasive to an honest and sober life. I reminded him that we must all appear before the great judgment seat; he answered, instead of trembling and putting off the conversation to "a more convenient season," "*Chi lo sa?*" (Who knows that?) This confounded me, and entirely altered the theological state of the question. He is the only example of drunkenness and infidelity that I have met with, in his condition of life, in France or Italy.'

Our author and his family wintered at Rome, and the journey thither is admirably described. In illustration of the proverbial eloquence of the people of Sienna, he remarks,

'So convinced are the Italians not merely of the purity but of the elegance with which their language is spoken at Sienna and in its neighbourhood, that throughout Italy a story is repeated by many mouths, of a great preacher, who was sent from a distance, on account of his eloquence, to preach at Sienna on some extraordinary occasion. Arriving near Sienna, he enquired his way of a peasant, who told him, "*Varcato il fiume, salito il monte, eccovi Sienna in fronte.*" (The river being forded, the mountain being ascended, behold Sienna before you.) The preacher immediately retraced his steps without entering the town, declaring that he would not expose himself to the criticism of a people who were orators by nature.

'In walking up a long and steep hill, before arriving at San Quirico, I fell in with a peasant lad, who, though he talked not like an orator, pleased me very much by the propriety and good sense of his conversation. His Italian was such as is spoken by the best educated persons of Tuscany or Rome; had there been any faults of grammar I could have detected them; I understood him with great ease, and felt pleasure in flattering myself that if this had at times not been so easy to me with other speakers, it was their fault not mine. Foreigners are often discouraged by being unable to understand those who speak the language of their own country ill.

'This boy was driving an ass laden with a small sack of corn to be ground at the mill; it so happened that a girl was returning from the mill with an ass carrying flour; the two asses wanted to join company. I have seen a gentleman in a ball-room detach a chain of a lady's dress from the button of his coat on which it had been entangled; and certainly the process was not carried on with more address and decorum than my peasant threw into the act of separating the two asses. He did it with such composure and such forbearance from all foolish jesting, as showed that if he could not add dignity to servile work, he had no servile mind. There is great injustice in the term vulgarity; the thing is found in its full proportion among those who are not of the vulgar.

'We now talked of the products of the country; the lad told me that chesnuts formed a great part of the food of the peasantry of this mountainous district; from him I first heard the praises of the wines of Orvieto; this place is in the dominions of the pope; so we talked of the newly-elected pope, and of the dangerous state of health in which he was reported to be, owing, perhaps, as I said, to the fatigues consequent on his elevation to his new dignity: "*solamente il pensiero,*" (the thought of it alone,) said the boy, with an air that implied an adequate conception of the importance of that high station. We arrived at a point where a little path diverged into the valley, at the bottom of which stood the mill, and here we separated.

At Rome and Naples our author is a no less diligent observer; and everywhere he justifies the eulogium with which we commenced this notice. His political views, which he takes every fair opportunity of introducing, are profound and comprehensive, and the way in which he illustrates them occasionally reminds us of the home hits of one of the most powerful political writers of the day. In a word, this is one of the best works on Italy that we have seen, and its circulation will tend to the correction of many erroneous ideas respecting the Italian character.



A HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND VOYAGES OF  
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

(Concluded from page 120.)

FROM this important work, to the general merits of which we have already paid our tribute of unaffected admiration, we now extract an account of the expedition of Columbus, through the mountains of Cibao, in 1494. Intending to build a fortress in the mountains, and to form an establishment for working the mines, he took with him the necessary artificers, workmen, miners, munitions, and implements. Being also about to enter the territories of 'the dreaded Caonabo,' it was important that he should create a formidable idea of the power of the white men, by as imposing a muster of his forces as he could make, and by such arrangements as might strike the savages with a display of military splendour.

'On the 12th of March, Columbus set out at the head of about four hundred men well armed and equipped, with shining helmets and corselets; with arquebuses, lances, swords, and cross-bows, and followed by a multitude of the neighbouring Indians. They sallied forth from the city in battle array, with banners flying, and sound of drum and trumpet. Their march for the first day was across the plain which lay between the sea and the mountains, fording two rivers, and passing through a fair and verdant country. They encamped in the evening, in the midst of pleasant fields, at the foot of a wild and rocky pass of the mountains.

'The ascent of this rugged defile presented formidable difficulties to the little army, encumbered as it was with various implements and munitions. There was nothing but an Indian foot-path, winding among rocks and precipices, or through brakes and thickets, entangled by the rich vegetation of a tropical forest. A number of high spirited young cavaliers volunteered to open a route for the army. The youthful cavaliers of Spain were accustomed to this kind of service in the Moorish wars, where it was often necessary on a sudden to open roads for the march of troops, and the conveyance of artillery across the mountains of Granada. Throwing themselves in the advance with labourers and pioneers, whom they stimulated by their example, as well as by promises of liberal reward, they soon constructed the first road formed in the New World; and which was called *El puerto de los Hidalgos*, or the pass of gentlemen, in honour of the gallant cavaliers who effected it.

'On the following day, the army toiled up this steep defile, and arrived where the gorge of the mountain opened into the interior. Here a land of promise suddenly burst upon their view. It was the same glorious prospect which had delighted Ojeda and his companions. Below lay a vast and delicious plain, painted and enamelled, as it were, with all the rich variety of tropical vegetation. The magnificent forests presented that mingled beauty and majesty of vegetable forms known only to these generous climates. Palms of prodigious height, and spreading mahogany trees, towered from amid a wilderness of variegated foliage. Universal freshness and verdure were maintained by numerous streams, which meandered gleaming through the deep bosom of the woodland; while various villages and hamlets, peeping from among the trees, and the smoke of others rising out of the midst of the forests, gave signs of a numerous population. The luxuriant landscape extended as far as the eye could reach, until it appeared to melt away and mingle with the horizon. The Spaniards gazed with rapture upon this soft voluptuous country which seemed to realize their ideas of

a terrestrial paradise; and Columbus, struck with its vast extent, gave it the name of the *Vega Real*, or Royal Plain.'

'Having descended the rugged pass, the army issued upon the plain, in military array, with great clangour of warlike instruments. When the Indians beheld this shining band of warriors, glittering in steel, emerging from the mountains with prancing steeds and flaunting banners, and heard, for the first time, their rocks and forests echoing to the din of drum and trumpet, they might well have taken such a wonderful pageant for a supernatural vision.

'In this way, Columbus disposed his forces whenever he approached a populous village, placing the cavalry in front, for the horses inspired a mingled terror and admiration among the natives. Las Casas observes, that at first they supposed the rider and his horse to be one animal, and nothing could exceed their astonishment at seeing the horseman dismount; a circumstance which shows that the alleged origin of the ancient fable of the Centaurs is at least founded in nature. On the approach of the army, the Indians generally fled with terror, and took refuge in their houses. Such was their simplicity, that they merely put up a slight barrier of reeds at the portal, and seemed to consider themselves perfectly secure. Columbus, pleased to meet with such artlessness, ordered that these frail barriers should be scrupulously respected, and the inhabitants allowed to remain in their fancied security. By degrees their fears were allayed through the mediation of their interpreters, and the distribution of trifling presents. Their kindness and gratitude could not then be exceeded, and the march of the army was continually retarded by the hospitality of the numerous villages through which it passed. Such was the frank communion among these people, that the Indians who accompanied the army, entered without ceremony into the houses, helping themselves to any thing of which they stood in need, without exciting surprise or anger in the inhabitants: the latter offered to do the same with respect to the Spaniards, and seemed astonished when they met a repulse. This, it is probable, was the case merely with respect to articles of food; for we are told that the Indians were not careless in their notions of property, and the crime of theft was one of the few which were punished among them with great severity. Food, however, is generally open to free participation in savage life, and is rarely made an object of barter, until habits of trade have been introduced by the white men. The untutored savage, in almost every part of the world, scorns to make a traffic of hospitality.

'After a march of five leagues across this plain, they arrived at the banks of a large and beautiful stream, called by the natives the *Yagui*, but to which the admiral gave the name of the River of Reeds. He was not aware that it was the same stream, which, after winding through the Vega, falls into the sea near Monte Christi, and which, in his first voyage, he had named the River of Gold. On its green banks the army encamped for the night, animated and delighted with the beautiful scenes through which they had passed. They bathed and sported in the waters of the *Yagui*, enjoying the amenity of the surrounding landscape, and the delightful breezes which prevail in that genial season. "For though there is but little difference," observes Las Casas, "from one month to another in all the year in this island, and in most parts of these Indies, yet in the period from September to May, it is like living in paradise."

'On the following morning they crossed this stream by the aid of canoes and rafts, swimming the horses over. For two days they continued their march through the same kind of

rich level country, diversified by noble forests, and watered by abundant streams, several of which descended from the mountains of Cibao, and were said to bring down gold dust mingled with their sands. To one of these, the limpid waters of which ran over a bed of smooth round pebbles, Columbus gave the name of *Rio Verde*, or Green River, from the verdure and freshness of its banks. In the course of this march they passed through numerous villages, where they experienced generally the same reception. The simple inhabitants fled at their approach, putting up their slight barricades of reeds, but, as before, they were easily won to familiarity, and tasked their limited means to entertain the strangers.

'Thus penetrating into the midst of this great island, where every scene presented the wild luxuriance of beautiful but uncivilized nature, they arrived on the evening of the second day at a chain of lofty and rugged mountains, which formed a kind of barrier to the Vega. These Columbus was told were the golden mountains of Cibao, whose region commenced at their rocky summits. The country now began to grow rough and difficult, and the people being way-worn, they encamped for the night at the foot of a steep defile, which led up into the mountains, and pioneers were sent in advance to open a road for the army. From this place they sent back mules for a supply of bread and wine, their provisions beginning to grow scanty, for they had not as yet accustomed themselves to the food of the natives, which was afterwards found to be very nutritious, and well suited to the climate.

'On the next morning they resumed their march up a narrow and steep glen, winding among craggy rocks, where they were obliged to lead the horses. Arrived at the summit, they once more enjoyed a prospect of the delicious Vega, which here presented a still grander appearance, stretching far and wide on either hand, like a vast verdant lake. This noble plain, according to Las Casas, is eighty leagues in length, and from twenty to thirty in breadth, and of incomparable beauty.

'They now entered Cibao, the famous region of gold, which, as if nature delighted in contraries, displayed a miser-like poverty of exterior, in proportion to its hidden treasures. Instead of the soft luxuriant landscape of the Vega, they beheld chains of rocky and sterile mountains, scantily clothed with lofty pines. The trees in the valleys also, instead of possessing the rich tufted foliage common to other parts of the island, were meagre and dwarfish, excepting such as grew on the banks of streams. The very name of the country bespoke the nature of the soil,—Cibao, in the language of the natives, signifying a stone. Still, however, there were deep glens and shady clefts among the mountains, watered by the most limpid rivulets, where the green herbage, and the strips of woodland, were the more delightful to the eye from the neighbouring sterility. But what consoled the Spaniards for the asperity of the soil, was to observe particles of gold glittering among the sands of those crystal streams, which, though scanty in quantity, they regarded as earnest of the wealth locked up within the mountains.

'The natives having been previously visited by the exploring party under Ojeda, came forth to meet them with great alacrity, bringing them food, and, above all, grains and particles of gold which they had collected in the brooks and torrents, seeing how eagerly that metal was coveted by the Spaniards. From the quantities of gold dust in every stream, Columbus was convinced there must be several mines in the vicinity. He had met with specimens of amber and lapis lazuli, though in very small quantities, and thought that he had discovered

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a mine of copper. He was now about eighteen leagues from the settlement; the rugged nature of the mountains made a communication, even from this distance, laborious. He gave up the idea, therefore, of penetrating further into the country, and determined to establish a fortified post in this neighbourhood, with a large number of men, as well to work the mines as to explore the rest of the province. He accordingly selected a pleasant situation on an eminence almost entirely surrounded by a small river called the Yanique, the waters of which were as pure as if distilled, and the sound of its current musical to the ear. In its bed were found curious stones of various colours, large masses of beautiful marble, and pieces of pure jasper. From the foot of the height extended one of those graceful and verdant plains, called by the Indians, Savannahs, which were freshened and fertilized by the river.

On this eminence Columbus ordered a strong fortress of wood to be erected, capable of defence against any attack of the natives, and protected by a deep ditch on the side which the river did not secure. To this fortress he gave the name of St. Thomas, intended as a pleasant, though pious, reproof of the incredulity of Firmín Cado and his doubting adherents, who obstinately refused to believe that the island produced gold, until they beheld it with their eyes and touched it with their hands.

The natives, having heard of the arrival of the Spaniards in their vicinity, came flocking from various parts, anxious to obtain European trinkets. The admiral signified to them that any thing would be given in exchange for gold; upon hearing this, some of them ran to a neighbouring river, and gathering and sifting its sands, returned in a little while with considerable quantities of gold dust. One old man brought two pieces of virgin ore, weighing an ounce, and thought himself richly repaid when he received a hawk's bell. On remarking that the admiral was struck with the size of these specimens, he affected to treat them with contempt, as insignificant, intimating by signs, that in his country, which lay within half a day's journey, they found pieces of gold as big as an orange. Other Indians brought grains of gold weighing ten and twelve drachms, and declared, that in the country from whence they got them, there were masses of ore as large as the head of a child. As usual, however, these golden tracts were always in some remote valley, or along some rugged and sequestered stream, and the wealthiest spot was sure to be at the greatest distance,—for the land of promise is ever beyond the mountain.

We conclude with some eloquent observations on the character of Columbus:—

Columbus was a man of great and inventive genius. The operations of his mind were energetic, but irregular; bursting forth at times with that irresistible force which characterizes intellects of such an order. His mind had grasped all kinds of knowledge connected with his pursuits; and though his information may appear limited at the present day, and some of his errors palpable, it is because that knowledge, in his peculiar department of science, was but scantily developed in his time. His own discoveries enlightened the ignorance of that age; guided conjecture to certainty; and dispelled numerous errors with which he himself had been obliged to struggle.

His ambition was lofty and noble. He was full of high thoughts, and anxious to distinguish himself by great achievements. It has been said that a mercenary feeling mingled with his views, and that his stipulations with the Spanish court were selfish and avaricious. The charge is inconsiderate and unjust. He aimed at dignity and wealth in the same lofty spirit in which he sought renown; but they were to

arise from the territories he should discover and be commensurate in importance. No condition could be more just. He asked nothing of the sovereigns but a command of the countries he hoped to give them, and a share of the profits to support the dignity of his command. If there should be no country discovered, his stipulated viceroyalty would be of no avail; and if no revenues should be produced, his labour and peril would produce no gain. If his command and revenues ultimately proved magnificent, it was from the magnificence of the regions he had attached to the Castilian crown. What monarch would not rejoice to gain empire on such conditions? But he did not merely risk a loss of labour, and a disappointment of ambition in the enterprise; on his motives being questioned, he voluntarily undertook, and, with the assistance of his coadjutors, actually defrayed one eighth of the whole charge of the first expedition.

The gains that promised to arise from his discoveries, he intended to appropriate in the same princely and pious spirit in which they were demanded. He contemplated works and achievements of benevolence and religion: vast contributions for the relief of the poor of his native city; the foundations of churches, where masses should be said for the souls of the departed; and armies for the recovery of the holy sepulchre in Palestine.

Columbus was a man of quick sensibility, liable to great excitement, to sudden and strong impressions, and powerful impulses. He was naturally irritable and impetuous, and keenly sensible to injury and injustice; yet the quickness of his temper was counteracted by the benevolence and generosity of his heart. The magnanimity of his nature shone forth through all the troubles of his stormy career. Though continually outraged in his dignity, and braved in the exercise of his command; though foiled in his plans, and endangered in his person by the seditions of turbulent and worthless men, and that, too, at times when suffering under anxiety of mind and anguish of body sufficient to exasperate the most patient, he restrained his valiant and indignant spirit, and, by the strong powers of his mind, brought himself to forbear, and reason, and even to supplicate: nor should we fail to notice how free he was from all feeling of revenge, how ready to forgive and forget, on the least signs of repentance and atonement. He has been extolled for his skill in controlling others; but far greater praise is due to him for the firmness he displayed in governing himself.

His natural benignity made him accessible to all kinds of pleasurable sensations from external objects. In his letters and journals, instead of detailing circumstances with the technical precision of a mere navigator, he notices the beauties of nature with the enthusiasm of a poet or a painter. As he coasts the shores of the New World, the reader participates in the enjoyment with which he describes, in his imperfect but picturesque Spanish, the varied objects around him; the blandness of the temperature, the purity of the atmosphere, the fragrance of the air, "full of dew and sweetness," the verdure of the forests, the magnificence of the trees, the grandeur of the mountains, and the limpidity and freshness of the running streams. New delight springs up for him in every scene. He proclaims that each new discovery is more beautiful than the last, and each the most beautiful in the world; until, with his simple earnestness, he tells the sovereigns, that, having spoken so highly of the preceding islands, he fears that they will not credit him, when he declares that the one he is actually describing surpasses them all in excellence.

He was devoutly pious, religion mingled with the whole course of his thoughts and ac-

tions, and shines forth in all his most private and unstudied writings. Whenever he made any great discovery, he celebrated it by solemn thanks to God. The voice of prayer and melody of praise rose from his ships when they first beheld the New World, and his first action on landing was to prostrate himself upon the earth and return thanksgivings.

With all the visionary fervour of his imagination, its fondest dreams fell short of the reality. He died in ignorance of the real grandeur of his discovery. Until his last breath he entertained the idea that he had merely opened a new way to the old resorts of opulent commerce, and had discovered some of the wild regions of the east. He supposed Hispaniola to be the ancient Ophir which had been visited by the ships of Solomon, and that Cuba and Terra Firma were but remote parts of Asia. What visions of glory would have broke upon his mind could he have known that he had indeed discovered a new continent, equal to the whole of the old world in magnitude, and separated by two vast oceans from all the earth hitherto known by civilized man! And how would his magnanimous spirit have been consoled, amidst the afflictions of age and the cares of penury, the neglect of a fickle public, and the injustice of an ungrateful king, could he have anticipated the splendid empires which were to spread over the beautiful world he had discovered; and the nations, and tongues, and languages which were to fill its lands with his renown, and to revere and bless his name to the latest posterity?

We cannot part with these volumes without congratulating Mr. Washington Irving on the high station which he has taken as an elegant and accurate historian; a station from which it is not in the power of the ignorant or captious critic to remove him.

*Pompeii, and other Poems. To which is added a Dissertation on Lord Byron.* By JAMES and EDWARD ASTON. 18mo. pp. 190. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

A VOLUME of smooth verses, which we earnestly beseech the authors to keep out of the reach of critics less good-natured than ourselves. In the Dissertation on Lord Byron, his moral character, and the tendency of Don Juan and Cain, there are many just and liberal remarks; but we conceive that the question has been long settled in the minds of all intelligent readers.

*A Manual of the Physiology of Man; or, a concise Description of the Phenomena of his Organization.* Translated from the French of PH. HUTIN. 12mo. 1828. Jackson.

A manual of physiology for students has been long wanted, embracing, in a short compass, all that is known to be of value in the science for although we have numerous treatises on the subject, which do honour to their authors, they are too complex to be put into the hand of a tyro, especially in the present defective state of medical education. This manual, therefore, will be found exceedingly useful in the commencement of professional studies, as it contains all that is really valuable in the works of the principal physiologists. The student will find this little book an excellent pocket companion, and at an advanced period of his education, he may refer, at his leisure, to the more voluminous works on this interesting subject—the physiology of man.



## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

## FRENCH CRITICISM.

[The perusal of the following article in *Le Globe* having afforded us some amusement, we offer a translation of it to the attention of our readers, with whom the circumstance of our not having reviewed the work which has occasioned this able criticism, will not lessen its value.]

*Travels in Italy and Sicily.* By M. Simond. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828.

EVER since it became essential for every young Englishman, on leaving Oxford or Cambridge, to take a trip to Italy, *Travels in Italy* have abounded in London; and such travels! Among all the varieties of the human species which constitute the population of Europe, the Englishman is, most assuredly, without even excepting the Laplander, the least capable of understanding an Italian: there exists no point in common between them; not the least connection between their ideas or feelings: the one is cool and composed, the other ardent and irritable. The first is guided by rigorous, but well-regulated laws in every thing, in etiquette as well as in politics, in his conjugal duties as well as in the arrangement of a dinner: the second, rather the creature of feeling than of reason, knows of no rules but such as nature inspires, nor of any forms but those adopted by his lively and versatile imagination. The Englishman, like his own horses, exerts all his powers to attain the end in view, and can neither be diverted to the right nor to the left; while the Italian, incessantly affected by outward impressions, amuses himself on his road, and is exhausted before he reaches the place of destination.

It is certainly possible for beings the most oppositely constituted to understand each other through the medium of the mind, but the Englishman's understanding is so fettered by national customs and prejudices that he can rarely divest himself of them. What, consequently, do we meet with in the myriads of *Travels* which spring up, annually, under the auspices of Murray and Colburn? Scholastic disquisitions on historical recollections, lukewarm enthusiasm respecting particular landscapes, a dry catalogue of pictures and statues, the inventory of a few palaces, the name and bill of fare of the principal eating-houses, and, finally, gross abuse of the Italians, and sarcasms wholly devoid of wit. Amongst these productions, *The Classical Tour*, by Eustace, and *The Diary of an Invalid*, by Mathews, were, about three years back, the principal favourites. Every true Englishman had the *Diary* in his portmanteau, and solaced himself by reading therein, every morning, that England is the only country it is possible to exist in. He likewise found an exact list of the dishes which had been served up to the author at *Le Lion Blanc*, or *L'Hotel de Bretagne*; whilst some tirade against the French completed the treat. As to the *Classical Tour*, it is to the last mentioned merit alone that its success can possibly be attributed. Abounding in classical citations and bombastic descriptions, it is four times as voluminous as Mathews's work, and ten times more wearying; yet it is remarkable in one point of view. Piqued at all his contemporaries attributing Italian depravity to popery, the reverend author, Eustace, himself a Catholic priest, has under-

taken to deny the existence of this depravity. According to him, Italian morals are the most pure, and Italian families the best regulated in the world. This is a discovery which ought to endear him to all Neapolitan husbands!

By the side of these sublime productions it may readily be imagined that Forsyth and Lady Morgan are but little esteemed. Of what value are acute observations upon the arts and morals to those who neither feel the one, nor comprehend the other? Rhetorical and culinary erudition is a hundred times more estimable, and under this point of view, Mathews and Eustace leave us nothing to wish for.

Travelling was, till within the last few years, but little thought of in France. Satisfied with the influx of foreigners to our own country, we seldom thought of visiting them. A book, which we ridicule in the present day, contributed more than any other to change this *stay-at-home* inclination. We allude to *The Letters of the President Dupaty*. At the period of their appearance, punctilious erudition and gallant hyperbole were in full vogue, and the note of admiration played a conspicuous part in all compositions. Dupaty's book united all these essentials, and was, therefore, generally admired. Upon the strength of some prettily-turned sentences, people easily imagined that the fresco paintings of the Vatican, had the appearance of reality, and that Pompeii was in so high a state of preservation, that it formed as perfect a city as Paris. Even in 1824, more than one honest Parisian arrived in Italy, with their heads full of these fancies, and were, of course, proportionably disappointed. With the best inclination in the world, they had not been able to fancy that the fire, painted by Raphael, was a real one, nor to expect, whilst sitting on the steps of the theatre at Pompeii, that the actors would shortly appear. Dupaty is, however, now almost forsaken; the strictly exact and laboriously instructive *Itinerary of Lalande*, the poetical sketches and admirable descriptions in *Corinne*, the excellent letters of M. de Châteaueux, such are the books which most travellers provide themselves with. Yet none of these give so just an idea of Italian manners as the various writings of M. de Stendhal. Notwithstanding his peculiarities and his frequently affected originality, M. de Stendhal is evidently an acute and sensible observer, and has, moreover, identified himself with Italy; every thing in that enchanting country is agreeable to him, he adopts its tastes, ideas, and even its vices; but he tries to assign reasons for what the Italians do by instinct; what they see confusedly he endeavours to define. Rome, Naples, Florence, and *The Life of Rossini*, undoubtedly, are not moral treatises; some of the pictures are even revolting, but they are faithful pictures of Italy. M. de Stendhal was the first to give us a just idea of that love which is equally distinct from the pure sentiment experienced by a young girl of the north, and the gross libertinism of a sub-officer of cavalry—it is true Italian love at once naïve and refined, sensual and delicate.

After all, however, each of these writers has seen things in a different point of view, and neither can separately supply the place of the others. Where, in fact, can we find a mind sufficiently capacious to conceive all

that is to be met with in Italy, that complex country, for which nature has done so much, which is covered with the ruins of three vast governments, and which, in its present state, is such a complication of rare and curious phenomena. Every one may find in Italy, wherewith to be satisfied, from the antiquary to the political economist; from the artist to the honest professor of mineralogy, who could see nothing in the museum of the Vatican but marbles of various colours and qualities. To write a perfect work upon Italy, would require, in one person, the union of every sort of knowledge and of every faculty; which is an impossibility. M. de Humboldt himself would not be equal to it.

If, therefore, M. Simond has no antiquarian taste, nor any feeling for the fine arts, if his book is deficient in many respects, this does not justify its being rejected entirely. On the contrary, it should rather be read for this very reason, since what is wanting in it shows at least its originality. M. Simond neither tries to impose upon his readers nor upon himself. He very frankly avows that he would not go ten steps in search of an ancient vestige, and that the pictures of Raphael possess no charms for him. The Sixtine Chapel made him laugh, for he could see nothing but deformity and confusion in it, and on leaving it, he felt surprised that Michael Angelo could have laboured so little. He very unceremoniously ranks the bas-reliefs, on the triumphal arch at Milan, far above those of the Parthenon; nor is this all—the iron mouth at the doge's palace, in Venice, reminds him merely of the post-office; and when on the Piazzetta, surrounded by so many recollections and so many sumptuous monuments, the lion of St. Mark, placed on the summit of one of the magnificent columns brought from the Peloponnesus, inspires him with no other comparison than that of a sweep coming out of a chimney-pot. These things, and several others, may excite the indignation of some readers, but, for our parts, we must own that they please us. The author becomes a sort of spectacle in his own book. It is amusing to see him walking about in the midst of Italy, like a peasant of the Danube, insensible to all that affects other travellers. All real sensations, however, are worthy of observation, and those of M. Simond are not so extraordinary as some persons may fancy them. More than one Englishman, and particularly more than one American, if they possessed his candour, would confess that their feelings are in perfect accordance with his. There are so many who reckon all the time they pass in Italy as days of Exile, and who are enthusiastic, only because they consider themselves compelled to be so: to such M. Simond's work will prove a real treasure, by putting them quite at their ease.

Let it not, however, be inferred that his book possesses no other merit; if he speaks of the fine arts, in the same way as a French pedant does of the tragedies of Shakspeare, he is a conscientious observer of manners and morals, and a just and judicious narrator of them. M. Simond was in the habit of seeing much, talking much, and making many inquiries, and all that he collected during the day he consigned to his journal in the evening. From this method of writing there results a piquancy in his anecdotes and explanations, which tends to develop the Italian

character. find him, w men, writin the immora in fact, fide lity, fickle as to marr confers a na is the way young girl is she is taught to confess tw fast on a Fr or principles pensed with her that she cordingly, launched into but endowed finds herself make no my but rather bo to her own. care but litt authorises h ample: she n fend herself fore, be ack this nature de in an Italian or more espe is something of Abruzzo, w pared to our scene of war my's country. M Simond and, consequ what they rea ed, enervate has he been ties: 'The I shade of affe in perfect sim good and bac spect for the c without any r shall make, o not the case i and our vices Without falli rations of the avow that the ly bad. This diorganizes so nation into th sors. Whilst proclaim new three months, them, and in institutions are morals of a co formed witho did hope that developed this by facts; we e neral causes, origin of this and how com that system ar his *Travels* ter volution of 18 nation of the g low, and som results. To h ous particulars suppressed a h ancient and n



character. It is curious, for instance, to find him, whilst surrounded by Roman women, writing with the utmost naïveté about the immorality of the Parisians. In Italy, in fact, fidelity to a lover is reckoned morality, fickleness alone passes for indecorum: as to marriage, it is a mere formality, which confers a name and a rank in society. This is the way such matters are arranged: a young girl is brought up in a convent, where she is taught to prostrate herself at church, to confess two or three times a month, and to fast on a Friday; but as to rules of conduct or principles of morality, they are wholly dispensed with. At length, it is announced to her that she is to be married—she marries accordingly, and the following day she is launched into the world. Totally uninformed, but endowed with a lively imagination, she finds herself surrounded by women, who make no mystery of their love-engagements, but rather boast of them, and question her as to her own. Even her husband appears to care but little about her conduct, and often authorises her transgressions by his own example: she needs, in fact, a triple virtue to defend herself from contagion. It must, therefore, be acknowledged, that connections of this nature denote much less moral corruption in an Italian woman than in a French one, or more especially in an Englishwoman. It is something the same as with the brigands of Abruzzo, who cannot in any way be compared to our robbers. Society is to them a scene of warfare, and the high road an enemy's country.

M. Simond has felt all these distinctions, and, consequently, the Italians appear to him what they really are: weak rather than wicked, enervated rather than depraved. Nor has he been insensible to their good qualities: 'The Italians,' he says, 'have not a shade of affectation about them, they yield, in perfect simplicity of heart, both to their good and bad inclinations, without any respect for the opinion of their fellow-creatures, without any regard for what appearance they shall make, or any fear of ridicule.' This is not the case in France, for both our virtues and our vices often originate in our vanity. Without falling into all the biblical exaggerations of the English, we must, nevertheless, avow that the moral state of Italy is extremely bad. This it is which breaks up families, disorganizes society, and delivers the whole nation into the power of a handful of oppressors. Whilst this continues, it is in vain to proclaim new constitutions; they will fall in three months, if the Austrians interfere with them, and in six, if they do not. Political institutions are intimately connected with the morals of a country; the one cannot be reformed without reforming the other. We did hope that M. Simond's work would have developed this truth, and have strengthened it by facts; we expected that, going back to general causes, he would have shown us the origin of this malady of the social system, and how completely all the movements of that system are paralysed by it. In fact, as his *Travels* terminate two years before the revolution of 1822, we looked for some explanation of the great events which were to follow, and some prediction of their fruitless results. To have made room for these curious particulars, M. Simond might well have suppressed a hundred pages, which treat of ancient and modern beauty, and of design

and colouring; we regret that he never thought of this. Yet, notwithstanding these omissions, the two volumes before us contain a number of interesting observations and important documents. M. Simond does not say enough, but what he does say, is, in general, just and well-digested; besides, it is not always easy to explain such things. The administration, like the legislation of most of the Italian states, is a perfect chaos; happy is he who can elicit some light from it. M. Simond has partly succeeded in so doing, and therefore merits our thanks; other travellers may, perhaps, unravel more of these mysteries; meanwhile, we know enough to enable us to take a rapid sketch of the general situation of the country, but this we shall for the present defer.

## MILITARY MAXIMS OF NAPOLEON.

(Continued from page 60.)

18. To change from order defensive to order offensive is one of the most delicate operations in the art of war.

*Note.*—The first campaign of Napoleon in Italy will show what the genius and audacity of a commander can do in passing from an order defensive to an order offensive. The coalesced army, under Beaulieu, was provided with every thing which could make it formidable; it consisted of eighty thousand men and two hundred pieces of cannon. The French army was scarcely thirty thousand strong, and thirty pieces of cannon the most they could bring into the field. The troops, both cavalry and infantry, were in want of every thing, provisions as well as clothes, and the treasury was in so exhausted a state that two thousand louis in specie was all it could give to open the war with. Napoleon was well aware of the advantage of surprising the enemy at the onset, and in a most energetic proclamation he showed his troops that inglorious death awaited them if they remained on the defensive; that they had nothing to expect from France, but every thing to hope from victory. 'Abundance,' said he, 'reigns in the fertile fields of Italy, and will my soldiers want courage and constancy?' Then taking advantage of their enthusiasm, he fell in a body upon the different corps of the enemy, and in a short time the most brilliant success crowned his audacity, and enabled him to supply all the wants of his troops.

19. A general ought not to abandon his line of operation; nevertheless it is one of the most skilful manœuvres in the art of war to know how to change it when circumstances require it. An army which skilfully changes its line of operation, deceives the enemy, who is unable any longer to know where its rear is placed, and which the weak points of attack.

20. When an army is followed by a battering train and its sick and wounded, it should take the shortest possible roads to arrive at its depots.

21. When you occupy a position in which the enemy threatens to surround you, you must immediately assemble all your strength, and menace him with an offensive movement; such a manœuvre will prevent his dividing his forces and annoying your flanks, in case you should think it indispensable to retreat.

22. It is against every principle to make different corps act separately without communication between them, in face of an army

concentrated, and whose communications are easy.

*Note.*—A deviation from this principle lost Maréchal Turenne, in 1645, the battle of Marienthol. Some one having indiscreetly asked him how he came to lose it, he replied, 'By my own fault,' and then added, 'when a man has not committed errors in war, it is a sure sign he has not followed his profession very long.'

23. When a general is driven from a first position he should rally his columns at a sufficient distance to prevent the enemy from offering any obstacle, for the worst that can happen is to have them attacked separately before they have been able to recruit.

*Note.*—A great advantage which must result from this principle is, that the enemy is kept in ignorance of the direction you mean to take, and if he divides his forces to pursue you, he exposes himself to the danger of seeing his detachments beaten separately. In 1799, by a similar manœuvre, General Melos gained the battle of Genola, and Napoleon beat General Beaulieu at Millesimo.

24. It is wrong to send away any detachments the evening preceding a day of battle, because circumstances may change in the night, either by the enemy's effecting a retreat or by the arrival of great assistance, which will enable him to assume the offensive, and turn to your own disadvantage your premature dispositions.

25. When you are determined on offering battle, it is a general rule to assemble all your forces and to neglect none, for a single battalion sometimes decides the day.

*Note.*—It may not be useless to observe that it is always prudent to fix, behind the line of reserve, the spot where the different detachments ought to assemble, because, if unforeseen circumstances should have prevented their union before the beginning of the battle, they must not be exposed to fall in with the strongest of the enemy's force, in case you should be compelled to make a retrograde movement. It is likewise well to keep the knowledge of such reinforcements from the enemy, in order to employ them against him at the most favourable moment. Assistance, said Frederic, that arrives à propos, secures the success of a battle, because the enemy always thinks it stronger than it is, and consequently loses courage.

26. Nothing is more rash or more contrary to the principles of war than to make a march from the flanks before an army in position, especially when that army is placed upon heights at whose feet you must defile.

*Note.*—Frederic, having forgotten this principle, lost the battle of Kollin, in 1757, and, with the loss of 15,000 men and a great part of his artillery, was forced to raise the siege of Prague and evacuate Bohemia; and at Rosbach the Prince de Soubise, who commanded the French, lost both his army and his honour from the same cause.

27. When you are decided upon coming to a general engagement, especially if you are opposed to a skilful captain, give yourself every possible means of success; for if you are beaten, were you in the midst of your magazines and close to your fortified towns—misfortune to the conquered!

*Note.*—When you make war, said the Maréchal de Saxe, you should leave nothing to chance, and it is there that a great general shows his ability; and, when you have pre-



pared every thing for the action, you should know how to take advantage of victory, and not remain content, as is the common custom, with having gained the field of battle.  
[To be resumed.]

## ORIGINAL.

## FUGITIVE LOVE.

FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.

'Α ΚΥΠΡΙΣ, ΤΟΝ ΕΡΩΤΑ ΤΟΝ ΔΙΕΑ ΜΑΧΡΩΝ ΕΒΡΩΣΕΝ.  
LOVE is lost—Love is lost, once proclaimed  
beauty's queen,  
Oh, say if the wanderer you have any where seen;  
Whoever shall tell me where little Love is,  
I, Venus, will give him my tend'rest kiss;  
But he who shall find him and bring him to me,  
Something more than a kiss shall his guerdon be.  
By his flame-coloured form and the flash of his  
eye,  
You may easily know him though twenty were  
by.  
His mind is deceitful though soft is his phrase,  
And he never once means one word that he says;  
Sweet as honey his voice, and enchanting his  
smile,  
But ruthless his wrath, and unequalled his guile.  
How beautiful his ringlets, how wanton his brow,  
His hands they are small, but how easy they  
throw  
His keen dart on high, or to Ades below.  
No vest from the sight does his figure conceal,  
But the form of his mind he will never reveal;  
He flies like a bird now to these, now to those,  
And takes in the breast of the young his repose;  
Very little his bow, but a shaft from it flies,  
Very little that shaft, yet it reaches the skies;  
At his side may his golden quiver be seen,  
And in it are arrows—I know they are keen;  
More dreadful than these is the torch he assumes,  
That torch in whose fires e'en the sun he consumes.  
If you take him, be sure that in chains you fast  
bind him,  
Should he weep, pity not, you are deceived if you  
mind him;  
Should he wish to embrace you, fly hence, for  
know this,  
On his lip there is poison, and false is his kiss;  
If he offer his darts, the bright ransom disclaim,  
For each keen barb is fraught with a quenchless  
flame. R. M.

SPECIMENS OF EARLY ITALIAN  
FACETIÆ, &c.

'A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it.'—*Love's Labour Lost*.  
THE following specimens have been extracted  
at random from a variety of works, not general-  
ly accessible to the Italian scholar, and how-  
ever trifling in themselves, may still be con-  
sidered curious as tending to illustrate the  
history of fiction. It will appear that many  
jests and tales, which were current among  
the Italians upwards of four centuries ago,  
have been handed down to our modern jest  
books with little or no alteration. Let not  
the graver part of our readers (should there  
be any of such vinegar aspect,) think lightly  
of these conceits. We are all, more or less,  
indebted to our friend Joe Miller, and some  
of the first authors in our language have  
often derived hints, for their comic incidents,  
from these humble sources, at the same  
time that they have frequently afforded  
the groundwork of more serious structures.  
Never was there a time when jesting was  
held in higher repute than the present; all  
ranks and professions seeming to vie with  
each other in twisting our fair speech into  
that strange contortion called a *pun*, all our  
most serious institutions being turned into  
jest, and men of the highest stations con-  
descending to play the fool. Whether we turn  
to the senate, the bar, or the stage, still the

jest reigns paramount: in fact 'motley's the  
only wear!'—The most celebrated collections  
of Italian Facetiæ are those of Arlotto, Gon-  
nella, and Barlacchia; these relate only to  
the jests of these individuals themselves, al-  
though many miscellaneous collections have  
appeared at various times. As the limits of  
this article will not allow us to enter into a  
history of these buffoons, if indeed they were  
worthy of our notice, we proceed at once to  
their works:—

Domenico Barlacchi, commonly called Il  
Barlacchia, was common crier of Florence.  
One day, while selling by auction the goods  
of a man who had been recently hanged for  
theft, he came at last to his mule, which he be-  
gan to extol by saying, 'She is young, hand-  
some, and healthy, and there is all her har-  
ness into the bargain—except her halter, and  
that her late master took a fancy for himself!'

One morning, Barlacchia happening to be  
in the duchess's chamber while the funeral  
bell of San Romeo was tolling, remarked,  
that although he had been bred and born in  
Florence, yet he never knew the meaning of  
that bell's tolling. Upon their telling him  
that it announced some *mournful event*, 'I  
wonder then,' said he, 'that it did not toll  
upon my wedding-day!'

Certain criminals were ordered to be  
hanged, at Perugia, on the following morn-  
ing; but when the sheriff went to give orders  
for the erection of the gallows, the carpenter  
refused to comply with them, alleging that  
he had never been paid for those previously  
built. The sheriff told him to look to the  
consequences if his orders were not instantly  
obeyed; so saying, he departed highly en-  
raged. The following morning, the governor  
finding the sentence of the law could not be  
carried into effect by reason of the carpen-  
ter's refusal, ordered him to be taken into  
custody and brought before him. 'So,' said  
he, 'you have the temerity to dispute my  
orders!' Trembling with fear, the unfortu-  
nate man replied, 'Pardon me, signor, but I  
understood the sheriff, the gallows was to be  
erected on his *own account*, had I been aware  
it was for yourself, depend upon it, I should  
have made it immediately!'

Jacopo Parti, conversing with a party of  
gentlemen concerning the great injury Rome  
had recently sustained from an inundation of  
the Tiber, declared that they ought all to pray  
for that river to be seriously indisposed in  
future. Upon being asked his reason, re-  
plied, 'Because he does nothing but mischief  
when not *confined to his bed*!'

Perhaps no public character has ever at-  
tained a higher degree of celebrity than Punch;  
his exploits have been trumpeted forth at the  
corners of every street in the first cities of  
Europe. A work relating to him has recently  
appeared, displaying considerable research,  
and illustrated by one of the first artists of  
the day; yet little or no light seems to be  
afforded concerning his origin. Riccoboni  
asserts that he came into note before the  
year 1600, and Signorelli after the com-  
mencement of the seventeenth century, but  
all agree as to his being of Neapolitan ex-  
traction. It is somewhat remarkable that  
the following story, which seems to bear an  
evident allusion to the wooden hero's ances-  
tor, should have been passed over unnoticed,  
in the absence of better authority.

In a small Italian village, the name of  
which I have forgotten, there formerly dwelt

two humpbacks. One of these, on his return  
from a short excursion, was observed to have  
left his hump behind, for he was now as  
straight as the best of his neighbours. But  
no one seemed to take a livelier interest in  
this affair than his hump-backed brother,  
who eagerly demanded the name and resi-  
dence of the physician who had performed so  
miraculous a cure. Upon which the other  
related the following story:—that travelling  
towards evening over a certain heath, he con-  
cealed himself behind a tree, a little distance  
from which he observed a troop of witches  
wildly dancing in a mystic circle; but he  
had not remained long in this position before  
one of them, discovering his situation, ad-  
vanced from the circle, and courteously in-  
vited him to join their revelry. This invita-  
tion he boldly accepted, and, mingling with  
the troop, danced with such grace and ele-  
gance of deportment, that they were enchanted  
with his performance, and determined to  
reward him by ridding him of his burden.  
This was soon accomplished by means of a  
magic saw, after which, applying a healing  
plaster, they allowed him to depart, much to  
his satisfaction. His humpbacked neighbour  
listened very attentively during this recital,  
and slyly determined to profit by his brother's  
experience. Accordingly, he set off towards  
the spot described, and towards evening he  
arrived at the same tree. The same orgies  
were still performing, and he received the  
same invitation, but he danced so awkwardly,  
his attitudes were so clumsy, and he acquitted  
himself altogether so badly, that they became  
highly enraged, and determined, instead of  
removing his excrescence, to punish him by  
fixing the other's superfluous hump on his  
breast! This was speedily carried into effect,  
and thus the unfortunate man, who had  
hoped to get rid of his burden, returned dou-  
ble laden instead, having one on his breast,  
in addition to that on his back.

This story is quoted by memory from Redi's  
works, who was born in the year 1626, but,  
as it is merely related by him in a letter, it is  
very likely to be of earlier date.

A parrot, belonging to Count Fiesco, was  
discovered one day stealing some roast meat  
from the kitchen. The enraged cook, over-  
taking him, threw a ladle of boiling water at  
him, which completely scalded all the fea-  
thers from his head, and left the poor bird  
with a bare poll. Some time afterwards, as  
Count Fiesco was engaged in conversation  
with an abbot, the parrot, observing the  
shaven crown of his reverence, hopped up to  
him, saying, 'What! do you like roast meat  
too?'

When the Duke of Milan's ambassador  
was at Florence, Lorenzo de Medici brought  
before him, for his amusement, a child pos-  
sessed of extraordinary wit and talents, of the  
age of five years. After astonishing every  
one with the wisdom of his remarks and the  
sharpness of his wit: Lorenzo asked the am-  
bassador his opinion of the child. 'All this  
is very well,' he replied, 'but you will find,  
as he grows older, that his wit will decrease  
in proportion, for you rarely find instances  
of this precocious talent, but they afterwards  
turn out great blockheads.' The child, turn-  
ing towards the ambassador, replied, 'Then,  
signor, you must have been a wonderfully cle-  
ver child!'

An Italian merchant, finding himself in  
Poland, determined to purchase some sables,

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To-morrow  
Shall in t



for the purpose of trafficking with them on his return. But not being able to travel into Muscovy, on account of the war then carrying on between the King of Poland and the Duke of Muscovy, he instructed some merchants of that country to come on a certain day to the confines of Poland, when he would himself be there to carry on the negotiation. Accordingly, on the day appointed, the Italian, with his companions, went as far as the Boristhenes, (which, at that time, was frozen over as hard as marble.) The Muscovites not daring, on account of the war, to trust the others, remained on the opposite shores, and making certain signs, began to call out lustily, the price they wanted for their fables. But the cold was so intense, that they were unheard, for before the words could reach the opposite shore, they became frozen and intercepted by the air. The Poles, used to these matters, kindled a large fire on the centre of the ice, by which means, the words that had been frost bound for more than an hour, began to dissolve! and descend murmuringly on their ears, like snow from the mountains in May. They immediately comprehended them perfectly well, although, by this time, the others had departed; as it appeared, however, that they had demanded too much for their merchandize, it was not of much consequence, so they went away about their business.

All who have ever read that veritable history called *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen*, will recollect the adventure of the Frozen Horn, which seems to have been suggested by this story.

We will conclude with a specimen of the Italian pun, from Castiglione, which we are compelled to offer in the original. *Pochi di sono disse il nostro M. Annibal Paleotto ad uno che gli proponea un maestro per insegnar gramatica à suoi figliuoli, e poi che gliel' ebbe laudato per molto dotto, venendo al salario disse, che oltre ai denari volea camera fornita per abitare e dormire, perchè non avea letto. Allora M. Annibal subito rispose. E come puo egli esser dotto se non ha letto?*

E. I.

## THE REVEL.

SING on! sing on! the moon rides high,  
And moor and mountain shine in brightness,  
Day's cares past o'er, the midnight hour  
Seems formed for hearts of joy and lightness.  
Quaff the rich draught!—that Lethe yet  
Perchance may serve to banish thinking;  
Soon deeply on full many a brow  
Grief's stamp shall set, despite of drinking.  
Fond lover, pledge thy Mira's faith,  
The gems thou gav'st seemed most alluring;  
And fond thy hopes, thy boundless lands  
Would be her youthful heart securing.  
And yet another tells a tale  
Thy gold from her pure heart shall sever;  
To-night she meets him on the grove—  
To-morrow she'll be his for ever.  
And thou, gay Bacchanal, whose glass  
Is pledged to truth and scorn of roving,  
Is there not one a tale could tell  
Thy vaunts of faith might be disproving?  
There is a sound comes on the gale,  
Which echoes ill thy strain of gladness;  
A deep lament of wail and woe  
Bursts from th' abode of moody madness.  
A fair haired girl, with eye of blue,  
And faded cheek, dwells there in sorrow;  
In lucid hours she breathes thy name,  
And prays for peace—'twill come to-morrow.  
To-morrow eve the village bell  
Shall in the rising breeze be sounding;

Then thoughts of one to thee too true  
Must e'en thy callous heart be wounding.  
And thou, stern father, soon thine ear  
Thou'lt turn from sounds of mirth and singing,  
As tones of grief and words of dread  
Thy menial train shall still be bringing.  
Then shalt thou learn, old tyrant lord,  
No bolts nor bars secured thy daughter,  
Who still has breathed the nuptial vows,  
And sails across the moonlit water.  
Gone is the sound of her soft voice,  
Lost the sight of her cheek of beauty;  
From childhood all thy soul could wish,  
And only failed in this one duty.  
Stern father, and ill-judging swain,  
Regale ye now—and thou, false hearted,  
For bitterer cups ye'll surely quaff  
Long e'er the next day's sun's departed.

E. B.

## FINE ARTS.

## MR. LOUGH'S EXHIBITION.

On Saturday last, we visited an exhibition of the works of Mr. Lough, the sculptor, whose name we some time since had the gratification of introducing to our readers. The works now exhibited consist of *Somnus* and *Iris*, *Musidora*, *Milo*, and *Sampson*, and it is impossible that an inspection of them should not convince every person familiar with such subjects, that Mr. L. is destined to hold a very high station in the annals of English art. The group of *Somnus* and *Iris* appears to us peculiarly illustrative of the decided genius of the artist. It is as perfectly original in conception as it is beautiful in execution. *Iris* has been sent by Juno, to require of *Somnus* a dream, by which the intelligence of the loss of her husband, *Ceyx*, may be conveyed to *Alecyone*. The attitude of *Somnus*, falling back into his slightly broken lethargy, and the countenance singularly expressive of voluptuous drowsiness, are proofs of Mr. Lough's talents, which cannot but be apparent to every eye. He has been equally successful in the figure of *Iris*.

*Musidora* is a figure of great loveliness. The shrinking and modest beauty, so charmingly described by Thomson, is embodied as skilfully as the nature of the material will permit. Perhaps, however, the countenance should have been a little more expressive of alarm.

The colossal figure of *Milo* was before the public last summer, as also was the admirable group of *Sampson* slaying the Philistines. *Milo* was almost Mr. Lough's earliest performance, and is certainly a very extraordinary production. The position of *Sampson* is peculiarly spirited, and the numerous figures falling beneath his prowess are grouped with great talent.

Our readers will find some interesting information relative to this very deserving artist in Nos 417, 423, and 424 of *The Literary Chronicle*—the latter paper bearing the same signature as the descriptive catalogue sold at the exhibition room, and which, in the absence of information to the contrary, we should state to be from the pen of Mr. Haydon. If we are correct, it is but justice to add that it reflects as much credit upon the heart and mind of the writer as upon the talents of his aspiring friend.

The Diorama, in the Regent's Park, will be re-opened on Monday next. The first of the new views represents the Cloister of Saint Wandrill, in Normandy, which was founded by the saint whose name it bears, in

648. The spot of ground on which it is situated was given to him by Pepin, and is about two and a half leagues from Yvetot, and thirteen from Rouen. The edifice was destroyed by the Normans in 862, was rebuilt 1033, and again destroyed by fire 1250. Five years afterwards it arose again under the abbot, Pierre de Manviel, and was continued by Geoffrey and Guillaume de Norville, and completed about the end of the fourteenth century. The picture is an exact representation of the existing condition of the cloister, exhibiting, as it does, all the marks of desolation produced by Neglect and Time, which handle so unmercifully the 'fragments of stone reared by creatures of clay.' The various effects of light and shade are as numerous and striking as on any former occasion.

The other picture is of the village of Unterseen in Switzerland, too well known to need description. It is admirably executed, and will not, we think, be less attractive than any preceding view. But we must defer entering into details till our next, when also we intend noticing the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists, which opens on the same day.

*The Temple of Jupiter, in the Island of Ægina.*  
Painted by J. M. W. TURNER, R. A.  
Moon, Boys, and Graves.

OF all the beautiful productions of our English Claude, should the print before us alone convey his name to a remote posterity, yet would the slightest fear for his reputation be the most idle feeling imaginable. It is a work upon which the eye could rest for hours without intermission, and with a gratification as intense at the last moment as at the first. The scene is perfectly classical; the elegant temple rises in the back-ground—an abode fit only for the father of the gods—the very perfection of purity and simple splendour. In the fore-ground is seen a train of votaries, and an exquisite sky and the most delicious scenery complete the enchantment. It is utterly impossible to detect a single instance in which the most fastidious criticism could suggest an improvement. It is engraved with great sweetness and freedom, and the united efforts of the artist and the engraver have produced a print, without which no collection can possibly be considered as complete.

## NEW MUSIC.

*O murmur not, Love!* Song by G. WARNE,  
Organist to the Honourable Societies of the  
Temple. The Poetry by S. WILD, Esq.

MR. WARNE, who is well known to the public as a brilliant pianist and the composer of some admirable variations on *Home, sweet Home*, and *Cherry Ripe*, has produced a very beautiful expressive song in the major key of B flat, which we strongly recommend as a real gem. Unlike many songs of the present day *O, murmur not, Love!* contains no wrong accentuations, nor false harmonic progressions to offend the ear and vitiate good taste, but is, on the contrary, a correct and classical composition; and when we say that the air is of a moderate compass, and in perfect keeping with the words, and that the accompaniment forcibly reminds us of an older, and, (in our opinion,) a better school of harmony, we hope to induce our fair friends to buy the song, and thereby judge for themselves.







digenous to those islands, with their localities and provincial names. Mr. Frost delivered some observations on cinchona, a splendid specimen of which was exhibited by Mr. Battley; on a resinous extract of cubebs; the essential oil of copaiba; an extract of senna and of cinchona, &c. The meeting adjourned over to the 11th of April, and the society's anniversary dinner will be held on the 3d of May.

Mr. Frost intends to deliver a course of lectures on Botany, at the Argyll Rooms, in the beginning of May.

*The Eton Montem.*—It was well said, by that nameless bard, (as Mr. Canning called him,) the author of the Pursuits of Literature, 'If I were the master of Eton, I would begin by the abolition of the montem immediately: it is very improper and foolish. There is a meanness, and sometimes an audacity, in this authorized mode of collecting money on the highway, which I wonder young gentlemen of birth and family are not ashamed of, and can even wish to continue: it is something between alms and plunder.'

*An Opera Box.*—Of late years an opera box has become an object of traffic with ladies of the highest fashion, and on those nights when the proprietor does not occupy the box herself, instead of lending it to a friend, as the custom was in days of yore, she hesitates not to sell it to the best bidder, and trust to the direction of Mr. Ainsworth or Mr. Sams, or some such agent, for the selection of its occasional occupant.

*Chamois Hunting.*—The author was informed that a young gentleman, in the summer of 1825, had then spent three years in Switzerland, for the express purpose of chamois hunting, and, after incredible toils, danger, and exertion, had succeeded in gaining four shots at them—all of which he missed.—*Man of Ton.*

*Women.*—Ledyard's eulogy upon women has been frequently reprinted, but, the editor of his Travels informs us, altered in some of the transcripts; the following is the original:—'I have observed among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that, wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like man, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenuous; more liable, in general, to err than man, but in general, also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself, in the language of decency and friendship, to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and, if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish.'

Sir James Edward Smith, M.D., F.R.S., President of the Linnean Society, died at his house at Norwich, on Monday last.

At the close of the present season of the Adelphi Theatre, Mr. T. P. Cooke returns to the Coburg as acting manager.

A new piece is in preparation at Covent Garden Theatre, to be produced on Easter Monday: the plot is founded upon *Obi, or three-fingered Jack*; the three principal characters will be sustained by young Grimaldi, Keely, and O. Smith.

*Modern Morals.*—To possess nothing and to live well is applauded; to the rich, extravagance is a necessary duty; but to live well in moderation is a high crime or misdemeanor.

We think we may with safety contradict a report somewhat confidently put forth by one of the hebdomadal prints, that the English Opera House is not to be open during the ensuing season. We are quite sure that we have the wishes of all true lovers of the drama on our side.

The twelfth anniversary dinner of the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund took place on the 14th instant, at the Freemason's Tavern, and was, as usual, most numerous and fashionably attended. The dinner was postponed last year as a token of respect to the memory of the late Duke of York, who seldom failed to preside upon these occasions. This year, the chair was taken by his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, who was supported on his right hand by the Duke of Sussex. After the cloth was removed, Non Nobis Domine was given with unusual effect. The health of the royal chairman having been drunk, his royal highness, in returning thanks, was pleased to observe that as long as he possibly could, he would continue to occupy that chair—when invited to do so. He was not speaking for the sake of dramatic effect, but from the bottom of his heart, and he hoped that he might always have as pleasant an opportunity of addressing them as that occasion afforded.

Report says that the Dublin theatre will close on the 29th of the present month. Mr. Bunn is said to have lost £2000 by his speculation, exclusive of the rent of the theatre. It appears to be a matter of uncertainty when it will re-open.

The following English advertisement was last week inserted in a French paper published in London: 'J. V., glazier, has the honour to announce, that he has opened elegant and spacious saloons, at ———, (on the same plan as Tortoni's at Paris,) where may be had ices, lemonades, sorbets, &c.' It will readily be seen, that a wrong translation of the French word *glacier*, (a dealer in ices,) has occasioned the whimsical mistake of assigning so incongruous a branch of commerce to a window-maker!

## WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Taken at 1 o'clock Noon.	
March 14	54	60	49	30 13	Fine.
15	46	63	49	20	Cloudy.
16	54	63	53	17	Cloudy.
17	54	58	50	29 04	Cloudy.
18	51	57	50	90	High Wind.
19	52	53	40	37	Fair.
20	46	49	43	14	Rain.

## TO READERS &amp; CORRESPONDENTS.

Rich and Poor is not one of the writer's most successful efforts.

Sforza's poem will be inserted in our next. A letter awaits him at the office.

The communication respecting the slanderous insinuation against Madame Pasta, which appeared in The Times of Wednesday, arrived too late for insertion. This circumstance, however, is the less to be regretted as that paper, on Friday, apologized for the insertion of the offensive paragraph, and expressed much vexation at having been made the medium of any scandal against a lady not more estimable for her professional ability than for her private worth.

E. I. will perceive the estimation in which we hold his contributions.

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